

COUNTRY LIFE

VOL. XIV.—No. 342.

[REGISTERED AT THE
G.P.O. AS A NEWSPAPER.]

SATURDAY, JULY 25th, 1903.

[PRICE SIXPENCE.
BY POST, 6½D.]



H. WALTER BARNETT.

1, Park Side, S.W.

LADY GRIZEL COCHRANE AND THE HON. R. HAMILTON.



THE Journal for all interested in

Country Life and Country Pursuits

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Our Portrait Illustration: Lady Grizel Cochrane and the Hon. R. Hamilton	109, 110
The Lessons of Bisley, 1903... ..	110
Country Notes... ..	111
The Eclipse Stakes. (Illustrated)	113
Polo Notes	115
James McNeill Whistler	116
From the Farms. (Illustrated)	117
On the Green	118
Quiet Sussex. (Illustrated)	118
"Oh, Thou Touch of Hearts"	121
Fishing for Bass. (Illustrated)	123
Gardens Old and New: Yanwath. (Illustrated)	126
In the Garden	131
Upon the Ogwen River. (Illustrated)	133
Aileen the Happy (The Soul of a Story)	135
Letters from Somaliland. (Illustrated)	136
A Book of the Week... ..	138
Hungarian White Cattle. (Illustrated)	139
Wild Life in a Tent	141
The Nesting of the Snipe. (Illustrated)	142
The Late Pope	143
Correspondence	143

EDITORIAL NOTICE.

The Editor will be glad to consider any MSS., photographs, or sketches submitted to him, but they should be accompanied with stamped addressed envelopes for return if unsuitable. In case of loss or injury he cannot hold himself responsible for MSS., photographs, or sketches, and publication in COUNTRY LIFE can alone be taken as evidence of acceptance. The name and address of the owner should be placed on the back of all pictures and MSS.

Those who send photographs are requested to state the price required for reproduction, otherwise when payment is requested it will be made at the usual rates of the journal. Only the actual photographer or owner of the copyright can be treated with.

The charge for small Advertisements of Property for Sale or to Let, Situations Wanted, etc., etc., is 5s. for 40 words and under, and 1s. for each additional 10 words or less. All orders must be accompanied by a remittance, and all matters relating to Advertisements should be addressed to the Manager, 20, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, W.C.

THE LESSONS OF . . . BISLEY, 1903.

NOW that the Bisley Meeting of 1903 is practically over, it is an imperative duty to pause and to consider what it has taught us, besides the fact that sundry men have won sundry prizes, as teams or as individuals, for Bisley is no mere pleasure meeting, and if it did not teach something worth learning, it would not be worthy of the support which it receives from all classes of the nation. Sometimes the lesson is not obvious to the naked eye, and men are compelled to be content to remember that an association existing for the improvement of the rifle and of the rifleman who shoots with it, cannot be expected to bear a harvest of showy fruit every year, and that progress must necessarily be slow. But this year the essential truth is as plain as the proverbial pikestaff, and, to follow out the figure, it is a duty to push that pikestaff home, or, if that sounds better, to goad the powers that be into action by thrusting it into them. If that result be secured, then, in the words of an authority second to none in the world in matters connected with rifles, "the match may be counted well lost."

"The match," of course, was the Palma Trophy contest, and the truth which it enforced was emphasised incidentally scores of times during the meeting. What were the facts? On an easy day eight picked riflemen of Great Britain, using the Service rifle of our Army, but—thank heaven!—not the Service

ammunition, were beaten by eight picked riflemen of the United States, using the Krag-Jorgensen, in its improved form, which is the Service weapon of the United States Army. Others there were—Canadians, Australians, and South Africans—welcome, and more than welcome, who acquitted themselves with credit, and Frenchmen and Norwegians, whose presence was hailed with pleasure. But all knew beforehand that the real issue was between the British and the United States, and the preliminary practice had shown that, if the conditions had been difficult, the British would most likely have been the winners. That would have happened not because the Lee-Enfield or Lee-Metford is a better rifle than the Krag-Jorgensen in a wind—indeed, between the barrels there is little to choose—but because the British team contained, beyond question, some of the finest shots in the world, and because they were under the direction of unsurpassable judges of wind in Colonels Hopton and Gibbs and Major the Hon. T. F. Fremantle. There was little doubt in the matter, and the American riflemen knew and admitted that the conditions, as they were, were precisely those which they would have chosen if they had been able to have the weather to order. The consequence of those conditions was that judgment of wind went for little or nothing, that the rifles were pitted against one another, barrel against barrel, sights against sights, ammunition against ammunition, and that the most scientific sights won. In other words, the Krag-Jorgensen rifle has a back sight fitted with an adjustable wind-gauge, so that the man who uses it can put on or take off precisely the amount of wind-allowance which his judgment, or that of his coach, tells him to be desirable. On the other hand, the '303 has nothing but a bar on which lines, themselves nearly a minute thick, must be painted by hand. With these it is simply impossible for the finest marksman in the world to preserve that delicate accuracy which is essential to complete success. The Krag-Jorgensen has a peep-hole back sight also, which is of considerable value; but too much has been made of this, and the essential point is the adjustable wind-gauge. The mechanism of this last is simplicity and strength combined in perfection; and there is not the slightest doubt that nothing except obstinacy has been in the way of the adoption of a similar device for the British Army. All experts, and many members of the Small Arms Committee, are avowedly in its favour, and we agree with those numerous experts at Bisley who describe the delay which has been shown in adopting it as heart-breaking and sickening.

Two other lessons stand out from the Palma Trophy and the meeting generally. The first is that the '303 barrel is as good as any other in the world. Both the British team with their rough sights, and the United States team with their sights almost equal to match sights, fired 45 shots per man, 15 at each range of 800yds., 900yds., and 1,000yds., without a single miss. That is an astounding achievement; it has never been touched in the records of the Elcho match, where match sights are used, and the match rifles are, for the most part, the Mannlichers, of which so much talk is heard. The result was secured, of course, by good holding in the first place, but also, in the case of the '303, by the fact that trustworthy ammunition had been secured for the first time. It consisted in a charge of cordite in such proportion that a considerably higher muzzle velocity than the normal was obtained, and a bullet weighing 10 grains more than the Service bullet, or 225 grains. This ammunition, unfortunately, could not be used in ordinary match-rifle competitions, for which the bullet must not exceed 217 grains. But that sterling shot Major the Hon. T. F. Fremantle contrived to secure cordite cartridges of the same special make, but with a bullet so reduced as to be within the limit, and with them he won the Albert and the Match-rifle Wimbledon Cup, the latter at 1,000yds., and won them easily, against a host of rivals armed with Mannlichers and a few who used Krag-Jorgensens. The moral is plain. It is proved conclusively that, with proper ammunition, the '303 barrel carries a bullet every whit as accurately as Mannlicher or Krag-Jorgensen, and that the only desiderata are good and workmanlike sights and sound and even ammunition. It is surely hard, and more than hard, that the first should be denied to our riflemen when they are easy of access, and that the ammunition commonly supplied should be such as to discourage the rifleman and to discredit those who make it. In fact, the Bisley Meeting has taught us not only how good the '303 barrel is, but how we may use it to the best advantage. With us lies the fault if we fail to do so.

Our Portrait Illustration.

PORTRAITS of Lady Grizel Cochrane and the Hon. R. Hamilton form our frontispiece this week. It was only recently that the engagement of Lord Dundonald's daughter to the Master of Belhaven was announced. The Hon. Ralph Hamilton is the eldest son of Baron Belhaven and Stenton, and is a Lieutenant in the Grenadier Guards.



KING EDWARD VII.'s visit to Ireland is one of those eminently wise and tactful actions which have frequently come from him. Nothing could be calculated to draw out the loyalty of the Irish people with more certainty. It was often felt to be a mistake, first on the part of Prince Albert and then of Queen Victoria, that they did not pay Ireland quite as much attention as England and Scotland, though the affection of the late Queen for Balmoral was understood by her subjects and received their ready sympathy. Still, it is most desirable that the King should go to Ireland as much as possible, so as to foster and further develop the feeling much more common there now than it was twenty years ago, that we all, English and Scotch and Irish, are fellow and equal citizens of the same great Empire. The welcome given to the King and Queen proves, if proof were needed, that the inhabitants of the Sister Isle entirely reciprocate and share in the new feeling of brotherhood.

One would have thought that speakers at the British Empire League on Monday night were performing a dance among eggs. Connected with Imperialism there are at present so many subjects of controversy, that in any other country except Great Britain it would scarcely have been possible for political opponents to have met in harmony; yet for anything that appears in the speeches made respectively by the Duke of Devonshire and Sir Edward Grey, they might have been in the same instead of adverse camps. Sir Edward Grey was almost more Imperialistic in tone than the Duke of Devonshire. His advice to the League was worthy of being endorsed by everyone who has the welfare of the Empire at heart, and his references to Mr. Chamberlain's visit to South Africa, and even to the new departure in policy announced by the Colonial Secretary, were made with an understanding and sympathy that, if they were generally possessed, would reduce controversy to a minimum. The weightiest part of his speech, however, was that in which he showed that an Imperial Council, including representatives of both parties in the State, might do great service "in preparing the public mind beforehand for Imperial issues, and preventing Imperial issues from becoming matters of controversy in politics." He went so far as to say such an advisory Council might at the present moment discuss the "forbidden subject."

A good deal of real or simulated alarm has been expressed in regard to the memorandum by the Director-General of the Army Medical Service, on the physical unfitness of men offering themselves for enlistment, but we think it is being somewhat overdone. Against the facts cited by Sir William Taylor there are others of a contradictory nature. Probably the best test of national health is average longevity, and the Registrar-General has shown that we are longer lived than our grandfathers. On the other hand, the unfitness of those who offer themselves as recruits is probably due to the fact that the number of unemployed has been reduced to a minimum. Our Army, be it remembered, is a volunteer one, and no such conclusions can be drawn from it as would be quite legitimate in the case of a country where conscription prevailed. Were all the young men of the country, or even all the young men of the labouring classes, subject to medical examination, the results would have very great value, but as prosperity advances the recruiting sergeant is forced down to lower strata, and it is but natural that he should meet with material less sound and healthy than when he obtained his men from more prosperous classes.

The actual facts cited by Sir William Taylor are extremely interesting. In 1902 the number of men medically examined for enlistment was 679,703, and of these 234,914 were rejected as medically unfit for service. This, of course, is a very serious matter, since it means that 34 people out of a hundred are not healthy enough to be admitted to the Army. It does not exhaust the case, either. Within three months after enlistment close on 6,000 men broke down, and 14,259 had to be discharged as invalids before they had served two years. He adds that the Inspector-General of Recruiting "states in his report for 1902 that it must be borne in mind, when examining these totals, that they do not represent anything like the total number of the

rejections of candidates for enlistment into the Army." Of course, in offering a reasonable explanation of this alleged deterioration we are very far from wishing to oppose full enquiry into its causes. The facts prove conclusively that there is a dangerous amount of disease in the lower ranks of the working classes, and the elimination of this is a worthy task for reformers and statesmen, even though, as statisticians and students, they may be forced to reject the conclusion that there are any signs of national decay.

Mr. Charles Booth, in a letter to the *Daily Mail*, has disposed of the assertion frequently attributed to him that there are about twelve million people in England constantly living on the verge of starvation. He denies ever having used the expression. His work has been confined to London, where he has found 30 per cent. of the population living in poverty; but poverty is a word of vague meaning, and in this case it does not mean that, as a rule, they lack food, though "they are often pinched in that as in other respects." Mr. Booth has not carried his investigations beyond London, and in country districts it is very exceptional indeed for even the poorest to suffer from the pangs of hunger. Thus the twelve millions leaning, as it were, over the edge of starvation, is reduced to being a mere figment of the journalist's imagination, or, what is more probable, a stalking horse to be used for political ends.

No sooner is a man dead in our day, than the literary body-snatcher sets to work on his remains, and the fire that cremated Henley is scarcely cool before we are threatened with a controversy similar to the chatter about Harriet, and the interminable discussion of the domestic arrangements of Jane and Thomas Carlyle. One of those cheap sensational journals which live on the garbage of letters is advertising a great disclosure of the true relations of Henley to Stevenson. No one who really knew the men would ever think, far less write, such a phrase. The rupture between them was the natural outcome of the fact that, following their bent, each took his own path, and anyone who attempts to make literary capital out of the difference is really taking his place among the mere gutter-snipes of literature.

KISMET.

I do not move from my writing,
But my fingers drop the pen;
In the garden beneath my window
I hear her step again.
I know how the sun is kissing
That brow so pure and fair,
I know how its gleaming kindles
The red gold of her hair.
It is not for me to love her,
Little my pain she knows,
I turn again to my writing,
Onward the dear step goes.

E. A. RAMSDEN.

It is not often that anything on the race-course strikes the public imagination so much as the splendid struggle that took place between Ard Patrick and Sceptre for the Eclipse Stakes. Where only a head divides two horses it is safe to say that between them "honours are even." The admirers of Sceptre, therefore, need not abate their enthusiasm for the mare, especially as the Derby winner was treated as though he were an ordinary hack. All the greater is our regret, however, that Ard Patrick should be leaving the country. He has been purchased for the German Government by Count Lehndorff. If he is of so much value to the studs of Germany, he would have been equally useful at home, and it is a pity that Mr. Gubbins was tempted to part with him. He had not the excuse of the Duke of Westminster when he parted with Ormonde, that he knew that great horse to be something of a roarer. Ard Patrick, as far as we know, is sound in wind and limb.

The passion for old silver which has developed so greatly during our time was strikingly exemplified on Saturday last, when a set of Apostle spoons had to be disposed of at Christie's. Their charm was twofold. First, they were a complete set, and though single spoons have frequently come on the market, the opportunity for anyone to possess himself of thirteen Apostles is of very rare occurrence. Secondly, they were very old. The London hall-mark on them is for the year 1536, and the maker's mark is a sheaf of arrows. Each spoon measures 7½ in. in length, and the inside of the bowls has "I.H.S." in black letter. The set comprises, amongst others, the Master, St. Peter with a sword and book fastened with a clasp, St. John with the Cup of Sorrow, St. Philip with a long staff with a cross in the "I," St. Matthew with an axe, St. Jude with a carpenter's square, St. Simon Zelotes with a long saw, and Judas Iscariot with the bag of money. These beautiful pieces of silver under any circumstances might have been expected to excite keen competition, but the enthusiasm that ran up the price from £500 to £4,900 has seldom been preceded.

Later reports from Canada indicate that the Barr colonists, amongst whom so much dissatisfaction existed, are now settling down, and there is not much talk of returning to England. The plunge into the novel conditions of the North-West was a somewhat cold surprise to many who had been impressed mainly by the roseate pictures of opportunities by which they had been drawn to Canada; but they are of British stock, after all, and not likely to retreat without good reason. Still, care should be taken by agents at home to lay the whole facts before candidate-emigrants. It is very easy to paint a partial picture of this new and free country, without game laws, without direct taxes, without preserved waters and parks, without many of the restrictions which the Britisher finds irksome at home, and all of which will be marvellously attractive to the man who is not content with the surroundings in this country, but the darker shades should be painted in, too. He should not be left to discover all the drawbacks on his arrival in the Land of Promise. Farming is a very different business in the Canadian West from its counterpart in English counties, and the man thinking to try it ought to be fully informed as to the complete way in which he will be thrown upon his own powers of labour and invention. It would pay Canada better in the long run to keep ten Englishmen at home because they feared to try farming "in the raw," than to have one go out and return immediately full of weird stories of the barbarous conditions which must at first be faced in the Canadian wilderness.

Many of the great agricultural States of America have balanced the accounts between the farmers and the bird-hunters. All the other States where fruit and grain growing is extensively carried out are urged to do likewise. There are sufficient reasons to convince any prophetic legislator that the wholesale slaughter of native birds should be prohibited by law. The enormous increase of tree and plant maladies and the prevalence of the weed problem are both explained by the extinction of the birds whose providentially-assigned vocation is to protect plant life from insect pests and to destroy the seeds of useless weeds in the fields. Half of the Southern States of America have adopted laws to protect native birds. The other half will probably follow their example, and try and woo back the feathered sentinels over their fields and orchards.

VOX PUERI.

Oh, I will go yonder and make me bare,
Away by the sea where the great winds blow,
And you may abide with your books up there,
And you may wonder—but I shall know.
The sand shall be cool to my feet unshod,
And summer shall clothe and caress my skin,
And I shall be filled with the hope of God,
Be fierce and merry and pure within.
And I shall lean out to the salt waves' strife,
And challenge each glittering golden crest,
And you may unravel the threads of life,
But I who struggle shall love it best.
And you will come down when the day is spent,
And I shall be ruddy and hard and strong;
And all of your pallid enlightenment
Shall shrink and tremble before my song.

H. H. BASHFORD.

Kent might almost be described as the most unfortunate county in England this year. The fruit, on which its people depend so largely for their livelihood, has been practically ruined, and the dearth of apples, pears, plums, and cherries is remarkable. The worst of it is that no compensating advantage is likely to be gained in the way of large prices, because the importation of fruit is such a rapidly expanding business. Last year we imported raw fruit to the value of eight million pounds, and that was an increase of a million and a-half over the preceding year. Although much that we buy from abroad cannot be grown in this country, still, a great deal that is sent enters into direct competition with our own gardens and orchards. There is a saying among the men of Kent that a bad fruit year and a bad hop year never come together, but we are afraid that this consoling proverb will prove the rule by the exception this year, since the hop prospects at the present moment are about as bad as can be. Blight, mould, and other diseases threaten to ruin a crop that under no circumstances would be large. Yet hops have a way of recovering towards the end of the season, and it is just possible that the prospects may improve. Unfortunately no such reassuring view is possible in regard to the fruit.

Yet another grand, or rather colossal, experiment in electricity is to be made in Canada, the account of which comes from Chicago. It is distinctly a novelty, and if carried out will be watched with intense interest. A 13in. gun is to be taken out to some lofty hill or mountain, probably Peak's Hill in Colorado, and from it is to be fired a spherical magnet, to which a coil of wire of between twenty and thirty miles is to be attached. The projectile is to be aimed at no mundane object, but to the sky

itself as straight up as it will go, where the inventor believes it will be beyond the region of the law of gravitation, and will be sustained and held by the ocean of electricity which envelops our atmosphere. Should this prove correct, it would tap a flow of electricity which would drive all the machinery in the world, providing a motive force for all locomotives, and lighting all our cities. There seems to be no provision made for the fate of person or thing on whom the projectile may fall in case of its failure to mount up beyond the ether. That, of course, is a detail; but in the words of George Stephenson when he was asked—as a poser—what would happen in the case of a cow meeting one of his locomotives, "It would be waur for the coo."

It seems possible that what long was regarded as a poet's wild dream of "airy navies grappling in the central blue" may yet be fulfilled. The War Office is at present engaged in constructing what will be the largest vessel ever made to float through space. Its length will be 180ft., its height 75ft., and its width 50ft. The hull is composed of an arrangement of thick bamboo poles, which will hang below the balloon, and will carry, in addition to the crew of five men, three 50 h.p. petrol motors, which are to work sets of fans on each side of the ship. The balloon will have a huge capacity, and is calculated to lift seven tons. It requires very little imagination to foresee what a very effective engine of war we have here, at least in embryo, for should the air-ship prove a success, improvement upon improvement may be expected until it is at least as efficient as the ordinary man-of-war.

Attempts at the reintroduction of any wild creature that has become extinct very seldom meet with success, and we are afraid that the efforts made by the late Lord Lilford, Lord Walsingham, and others to reintroduce the great bustard into Suffolk have met with the usual fate. Sixteen birds were turned down in 1900, and now only one pair remain, and, unfortunately, their domestic arrangements succeeded as badly this year as they did last, the eggs laid being infertile. It is worthy of note that the nests this season and last season were both placed in the field where the last great bustard nested sixty years ago, before the bird disappeared from Suffolk. The history of the experiment goes far to show that the dwindling of a species is generally due to causes over which man has no control. There are cases, such as that of the bittern, where one can understand that extinction has been due to such causes as the drainage of moss and mire, but there are others for which no explanation is given. For example, why should the kite, once the commonest of London birds, now be esteemed a rare visitor? or why should the red-legged chough have almost vanished, while the jackdaw and the rook are even as the sea-sand for multitude?

The delightful heaths of Norfolk, that we admire not only for their beauty, but also because they make such fine covert for driving partridges into, and out of, will lack this year one of the principal elements, both in their colour and their shelter. The bracken has practically failed. This bracken is not one of the "chancy" crops. As a rule it does not fail. But the year has been one of exceptions, and certainly we may claim that a frost of 9deg. or rodeg. is exceptional in June. It is that which has proved altogether too much for the bracken. Chiefly it is as covert for the driven partridge that the bracken and the heathland generally is of such shooting value in Norfolk; but where a big wood adjoins the heath, an admirable use of the outlying covert can be made by driving the pheasants gently out into the heath, and bringing them back over the head of guns posted just outside the wood, and making them rise by leaving a row of stops some two gun-shots from the guns. But how can all this be done in a year of no bracken?

It is not a little singular that the later-hatched pheasants seem to be those that have suffered most severely from the enteric disease that has been fatal to so many this year. This is curious, because the earlier hatched must have been more liable to the chills which we believe to be, in some part at least, the cause of the epidemic. They came out into a very cold wet world. The inference would seem to be that more importance should be attached to giving the birds liberal space, for it seems that overcrowding in close quarters is far more responsible for the fatality than are colds and chills.

An ingenious theory that has some striking facts in support of it is that grouse disease is very much less prevalent on those moors that are in the neighbourhood of big, smoke-producing industries, cities, collieries, and the like. Mr. Rimington Wilson's noted little moor at Bromhead, near Sheffield, is an instance in point. Close to a city, disease is there unknown. The South Wales moors again, notably those of the late Sir Watkin Wynn, in the tenancy of Mr. Wynn Corrie, are remarkably

immune from disease, and have much colliery smoke about them. On all such moors the heather comes off black to the touch. There are other instances to be cited, from Derbyshire, Yorkshire, Lancashire, and doubtless many more, pointing, as those who hold this theory contend, to the same fact, which the health of London seems to support, of the wholesomeness of carbon. It is only fair to say that many owners of moors which are quite remote from smoky influences, as The Mackintosh at Moy and others, can point to a long and relatively complete immunity from disease as a result of careful burning of the heather and general precautions. All credit is due to the care which produces so good a result. At the same time, it is quite likely that both influences—intelligent precautions and the carbon from the smoke—may have a beneficial effect on the grouse. Both may be right.

Progress would seem to be slow, but undoubtedly it is progress, in the work of investigating fish-life in the North Sea.

According to a recent report of the Marine Biological Association, the Dutch scientific specialists, Dr. Heincke and Dr. Ehrenbaum, are working for the same ends as Mr. Garstang on the British side, and Dr. Petersen of Denmark, and with this International unanimity of aim it is reasonable to hope that some definite results may be obtained within the course of a few seasons. Already a compilation of interesting facts is recorded, such as the migration of small plaice during the months of December and January in a south-westerly direction to a distance of a hundred and fifty miles or more. A favourable feature of the enquiry is that a large proportion of marked fish are caught again—already 10 per cent. in the case of marked plaice. The suggestion, from the phenomena observed at present, seems to be that the flat-fish population in the south of the North Sea, and as far down as the Thames mouth, is kept up by a supply from nurseries on the coast of Holland; but for the time being the investigators claim no more than a probability for this surmise.

THE ECLIPSE STAKES.



W. A. Rouch.

ARD PATRICK, THE WINNER OF THE ECLIPSE STAKES.

Copyright

ALTHOUGH the King honoured the meeting with his presence, only a small company met for the Newmarket Second July. The racing did not hold out much inducement to the jaded race-goer. Perhaps the two year old racing furnished the most interesting items on the card for each day, but the victories of Vergia in the Soltykoff Stakes and of Fiancée in the Chesterfield were so generally anticipated that they attracted little attention. His Majesty's filly, Piari, ran fairly well in the second and more important race, as she was only a head and a neck behind the winner, but I thought the latter won without being really pressed. Mr. J. R. Keene broke a long spell of ill-luck when Hurst Park II. won the Swaffham Welter Handicap. His Majesty also ran Persistence, a three year old son of Persimmon and Laodamia, in the Dullingham Plate, but this grandly-bred colt is a handsome fraud, and he finished six lengths behind the leading pair, Rondeau and Countermark, at an advantage of

15lb. in the weights. In the other three year old races, Alderman, who has performed respectably in handicaps, just managed to beat Mr. Rothschild's unlucky Gourgaud and other moderate animals in the Zetland Plate, and William Rufus gave 10lb. and a beating to three indifferent contemporaries in the Midsummer Stakes. The most valuable race of the meeting, the Summer Handicap, was won by Sir E. Cassel's Lovat, the runner up being Prince Florizel, who won the race last year, and is evidently partial to the course. Nabot at last repaid Sir Blundell Maple a part of the large sum paid for him in the July Handicap, but the task set him was an easy one. Orchid showed a surprising return to form in the Bury Handicap, the race which initiated his remarkable series of wins last season. His performance was, perhaps, only a source of astonishment to those who witnessed his ignominious failure at Sandown three weeks previously, when he ran unbacked and unplaced.

If the racing at Newmarket was dull—it is never half so



W. A. Rouch.

SCEPTRE.

Copyright

dull, of course, as that at some of the meetings which year after year take their places in the daily calendar of important sporting events—the excitement furnished by the race for the Eclipse Stakes on Friday at Sandown was sufficient to atone for the gloom of the preceding days. The field was a small one, but no such contest has been fought out since Ormonde, Minting, and Bendigo met in the Hardwicke Stakes at Ascot. It included two good Derby winners, Ard Patrick and Rock Sand, and Sceptre, winner of both “Guineas” and of the Oaks and Leger. All three looked as fit as training could make them. Ard Patrick is a massive dark brown horse, and his heavy build makes him difficult to train, and it was only in the Derby last year, which he won in the easiest possible style, that we saw him at his best. Sceptre was on that occasion a long way behind him, but she wiped out that performance by beating Rising Glass, who finished second, quite as far in the Leger as her great rival did in the Derby. As I said last week, there was little to choose between them, and so the race proved, as, after a struggle

such as we seldom have the luck to witness, Ard Patrick got home a neck in front of the mare, who, if defeated, added to rather than diminished her brilliant record. Rock Sand looked under-sized by his more powerful rivals, and was out of the race a long way from home. The accident which has, unfortunately, incapacitated Maher, his usual pilot, probably lessened his chances, but he is undoubtedly inferior to last year's champions, although a very good horse for his inches. The King was present to witness as good a race as the most exacting critic could wish to see, and the number of spectators was perhaps the largest that has been collected in the Esher enclosures since



W. A. Rouch.

THE PARADE FOR THE ECLIPSE STAKES

Copyright

the race was instituted. Madden rode an exceptionally brilliant race on the winner, and much of the merit of the victory is undoubtedly due to his fine jockeyship. Ard Patrick has been sold to go to Germany for 20,000 guineas, about the same price that was paid for Sceptre this year, and for Duke of Westminster, who never seemed able to race with the other horses after his successful career as a two year old. The big race quite overshadowed the

minor events of the same day, but the racing was sufficiently interesting. A good field in point of numbers turned out for the Surbiton Handicap, which was won by Verus, who was meeting Wild Night Again (who finished third) on 16lb. worse terms than when the latter was second to him at Liverpool in the spring. Roseate Dawn, a stable companion of Ard Patrick, won the Great Kingston Two Year Old Race in a manner which justified the odds that were laid on his doing so.

If Saturday's racing had no such sensational item as the Eclipse Stakes, a very good afternoon's sport was provided for a comparatively small audience, as, although His Majesty was again present, the wet weather probably kept many people away.

The National Breeders' Produce Stakes of the value of £5,000 furnishes the biggest two year old prize of the year. Major Eustace Loder's Pretty Polly had won the British Dominion Two Year Old Stakes in such a runaway fashion at the previous Sandown Meeting that she was deservedly installed favourite, while Flying Star, who had won a race at Newmarket in the spring, and was in receipt of all the allowances, started next in demand. There were eleven starters. The favourite went to the front after going a quarter of a mile, and, leaving her field from that point, cantered in the easiest of winners, in spite of the penalty she was carrying. Bobrinski got the best of the start, and finished second, with the Brocklesby winner, Marsden, third. His Majesty's Perchant ran fairly well, and quite consistently with his former outing, as he was in front of Merryman, whom he met on 11lb. better terms than when he finished second to Mr. Brassey's colt in May. Major Loder won the same race with Game Chick in 1901, and his Democrat dead-heated for it with Ian in 1900. I think the manner in which Pretty Polly won fairly settled the question of precedence among the two year olds of the year, and the owner will be lucky who possesses one of Pretty Polly's own age that can lower her colours.

The handicaps brought out large fields, and furnished good races and close finishes. The Hungarian Hazafi won his first race in this country when he took the Royal Handicap, and he was the only favourite to win a handicap during the meeting,



W. A. Rouch.

ARD PATRICK BEATS SCEPTRE.

Copyright

which terminated in a walk-over for Robert le Diable in the Coombe July Plate.

The appearance of the weights for the Stewards' Cup has afforded plenty of food for discussion and for some active speculation. Sundridge, of course, heads the list with 9st. 10lb. If drawn favourably—and much depends on the draw at Goodwood—he has quite as good a chance as anything in the race. There are two previous winners of it—Mauvezin (8st. 7lb.) and O'Donovan Rossa (7st. 9lb.)—neither of whom seems hardly treated. Fariman and Tippler appear to be about the pick of the three year olds, and recent running rather points to His Lordship, who is in the same ownership as Sundridge, as the best handicapped animal in the race.

KAPPA.

POLO NOTES.

IT is curious to notice the change which has come over our polo this season. For the last two or three years the attack has been beaten by the defence. During the season of 1903 we may say that the reverse of this was the case. The attack has been stronger than the defence. This is, of course, partly to be accounted for by the fact that, as it happens, our forward players are, with a few notable exceptions, stronger than the backs. But two other reasons may also have something to do with it. One is the improved position of No. 1 in the game, which makes that

player far more serviceable to his side than he was some few seasons back. There was a time when No. 1 spent his time between being placed off-side by the opposing No. 4, and being shouted at by his own No. 2 to get out of the way. He seldom had a shot at goal. Nowadays this is altered, and No. 1 and No. 2 being practically interchangeable in all good teams, each takes the chances of hitting the ball that come to him in the course of the game, and makes much or little of those chances, according to his ability. This has doubled the effectiveness of forward play. Another point which I note is that players generally have become much more expert than formerly at meeting the ball. This has slightly lessened the power of the back. There is always the chance that if he hits a light back-hander to his own No. 3 or No. 2, it will be intercepted by one of the other side galloping on to it, meeting it, and taking it right down to the goal. The back is thus bound to put strength into his back-handers, which may, of course, carry them right through to the opposite back. This, and a tendency to hit near-side back-handers when it is possible, to take the ball from the off-side, all are working against the predominance of the back, which threatened, at one time, to affect the interest of the game.

Polo players, too, practice more than they did, and it is hardly possible to practice too much, either as at Roehampton on the practice grounds, or in



W. A. Rouch.

ROCK SAND.

Copyright

an even more effective manner by members' games, as at Ranelagh. The careful arrangement and management of these games by Mr. F. Gill has made the new ground at Ranelagh a veritable school for polo.

But it is time to think of the County Cup, which was the chief polo event at Hurlingham during the past week. I have already noted the various divisional tournaments, which are played at convenient centres, the semi-finals and the finals being played at Hurlingham. The County Cup is one of the oldest of our tournaments, and was started by Sir Walter Smyth at Hurlingham in the early seventies.

Four teams only now come to Hurlingham. The Blackmore Vale—Mr. A. T. Drake, Mr. J. Hargreaves, Captain Phipps-Hornby, and Mr. F. Hargreaves—we had already seen at Ranelagh on the previous Saturday, when they showed excellent form. They met Wirral on Wednesday—Mr. L. Watson, Mr. G. Lockett, Mr. A. Tyrer, and Captain G. W. Robson. The Blackmore Vale team took five or six minutes to settle to their game. In this time the Cheshire team, sharp on the ball, snatched two goals. After that the play was in favour of the Blackmore Vale, who combined pace, hard hitting, and combination. They did not, on the whole, show quite such form as they had done on the Saturday, but they were strong enough for the occasion. Then came Eden Park (the holders of the cup)—Mr. Baker, Mr. P. Bullivant, Mr. L. Bucknall, and Mr. H. Rich—and Warwickshire—Mr. H. G. Lakin, Major Powell, Mr. W. Holden, and Mr. A. M. Tree. This was a close fight for twenty minutes. Each side made two goals; but Eden Park were the faster team, and were better at passing the ball, and it must be said that they won rather easily at last by 5 goals to 3. This left Blackmore Vale and Eden Park in the final tie, which came off on Saturday at Hurlingham. The teams were arranged as above, but the heavy rain and the state of the ground were against very fast play. Indeed, it was somewhat fortunate that the final was able to be played at all. But the season is near its close, and it is not necessary to be so careful of the ground, which will soon be laid by for its winter's rest. From the very beginning Blackmore Vale played sound polo, and, combining steadily and hitting hard, were able to force the ball down over the sodden ground better than their opponents, a quick but not a very powerful team. I well remember seeing a strong team of Freebooters at Dublin on a wet day beat the old 13th Hussar team when the latter were at their best, so great is the advantage of strength and weight on a soft ground. Probably the Blackmore Vale would have won in any case, but they would have had a harder task in better weather. It is, however, very satisfactory, looked at in the interests of polo, that the County Cup should go into the West of England. Polo in the West has of late provided us with some of our best county players, for are there not, besides the winners of the County Cup, the Messrs. de Las Casas, the Plymouth Polo Club, and North Devon players?

Ranelagh had a very interesting Hunt Tournament during the week. It began, indeed, with a disappointment, for the Vale of White Horse, which has within its limits the Cirencester Club, scratched to the Essex Union, a Hunt not represented in these tournaments in previous years. They proved to have a very strong team, and when they met the Quorn—Mr. Bernard Wilson, Captain H. Wilson, Mr. F. Belville, and Captain Neil Haig—on Friday they won after a particularly interesting game. The Blackmore Vale in their tie with the Pytchley—Messrs. H. Walton, H. Rich, P. Nickalls, and Comte de Madre—played Mr. M. de Las Casas instead of Captain Phipps-Hornby. The Pytchley were not a very strong team, nor did they combine very well, and the B.V.H. won very much as they pleased. The Blackmore Vale, however, were subsequently beaten by Warwickshire—Captain Greathed, Messrs. F. Mackey, F. Gill, and D. Milburn. The Essex Union—Messrs. L. Carr, C. B. Carr, E. B. Sheppard, and Captain Courage—however, were too strong for the Warwickshire. Mr. Sheppard's fine hitting and knowledge of the game served his side well on a slippery, sodden ground. With three first-rate shots Mr. Sheppard made three goals. Towards the end of the game Warwickshire scored, Mr. Gill and Mr. Mackey obtaining one goal after an excellent bit of combined play, but by this time the match was a certainty for the Essex Union, and they carried off the cup.

In spite of a slippery course, the polo pony races came off, and nothing delighted me so much as to see Old Black Diamond, with Mr. Guy Gilbey in the saddle, win the Scurry. This pony is a thoroughly good polo pony, a handy one at a bending competition, and a great favourite. The win was a popular one. The coveted Ranelagh Cup was won by a very smart brown mare belonging to Mr. J. C. de Las Casas, beating Mr. Percy Bullivant's bay Lady of Quality. Mr. Robinson's Amber won the hurdle race, and Mr. J. C. de Las Casas the maiden race with a very speedy chestnut mare.

The Ladies' Nomination Tournament at Roehampton filled well. It is one of the last handicap tournaments of the year. There were a dozen teams engaged in it. The ties produced some excellent polo, and were, with the exception of the first, well contested. Managers of polo clubs see now the necessity, which was at one time somewhat neglected, of taking pains with the handicaps. But no amount of pains will avail unless luck helps too and players come up to time. The weak point of our present handicap tournaments is that they are uninteresting to watch. The team that wins is seldom one that started in the earlier ties, so many chops and changes take place in the course of the play.

If by the conditions of the Ladies' Nomination Tournament the Roehampton managers have shown how this can be avoided, and oblige a team either to preserve its continuity or to scratch, they will have done a useful service to



W. A. Rouch. THE PADDOCK AT SANDOWN ON THE ECLIPSE DAY. Copyright

polo. This tournament was not finished on Saturday. The heavy rain had made polo at Roehampton impossible, and the tournament may be left over till next week. The Subalterns' Tournament will not take place, the authorities feeling that one soldiers' tournament in London is enough for the season. But we confidently expect, now that the authorities are in closer touch with polo, to see many of their objections vanish.

It is satisfactory to know, now we are within less than three weeks of the stag-hunting season at Exmoor, that a successor has been found to Captain Paterson in the Mastership of the Barnstaple Staghounds. Mr. Edward Chichester has taken the hounds, and thus the Barnstaple country has a representative of one of the leading Devon families, and a man well known locally, at the head of its pack. X.

JAMES McNEILL WHISTLER.

IN the death of Mr. Whistler modern art has lost one of its most powerful influences. Though few canvases of any importance have issued from his studio during the last few years, his influence, both as President of the International Society, and amongst various of his painter friends, has been as stimulating as ever. James Abbott McNeill Whistler was an American by birth, but he owed his artistic training to France. It was in Paris that he found most sympathy and appreciation. Only in quite recent years has the British public at last begun to realise that a great painter had been among them, unperceived and even abused. For everybody remembers the attack in "Fors Clavigera" in 1877, which led to the famous libel action, Whistler v. Ruskin. Though Whistler liked to wrap a certain veil of mystery about his early years, there seems no doubt that he was born in Lowell, Massachusetts, in the year 1834, or a little earlier. His father was an engineer, and his mother was of the Baltimore family of Winans—a fact which somewhat accounts for the Southern and decidedly unpuritan temperament of the painter. In Whistler's boyhood his father accepted a position as railway engineer in Russia, and in that country the future painter spent some years of his youth. In 1851 he returned to America, and entered as a student of the Military Academy at West Point, where he remained for four years; for a short time afterwards he seems to have been in Government employment as a maker of maps and charts. It is uncertain whether the story of the spoilt plate, where the artist had scratched some fancies of his own, of a reprimand, followed by some Whistlerian repartee and a departure to Paris, and the studio life of the Quartier Latin, is true. In any case it sounds probable enough. This took place in 1857, when the artist was about twenty-three. Afterwards, in the studio of Pleyre, which was then the meeting-place of the clever young artists of the day, Whistler met Du Maurier. Those who care to read of the impression Whistler made on Du Maurier in those days need only turn to "Trilby," in the first unexpurgated edition of *Harper's Magazine*. It was at this date that Whistler first began to etch. Two years later he published the group of thirteen etchings known as the "French Set," which at once made a considerable mark. Some time afterwards he came to London, and took up his quarters in Chelsea. He lived there for several years, and during the period formed a friendship with Rossetti. It is not easy to conceive two artists more different in their methods and ideals, but they seemed to have found one common ground. To both the world was divided into two classes only—the artists and the not artists; "and the latter was a class whose chief function was to provide for the wants of the former, to accept in a grateful spirit what the artists were pleased to give it, and to be heartily despised in return."

About this time Mr. Whistler made the acquaintance of the late Mr. Leyland and painted for him the celebrated "Peacock Room," a fantastic decoration of peacock's eyes on a gold ground, which led up to a full-length picture, the "Princesse du Pays de la Porcelaine." It was during the stay in Chelsea that he executed his most beautiful set of

etchings, the Thames series. People who know Whistler only as a painter can scarcely realise what an exquisite finish and detail he has put into the shipping and these old London houses and roofs. The greatest qualities of his art are shown here, not in colour and harmony as in the portraits, the symphonies and the nocturnes, but in the pure beauty of the lines and their relations one with another. It has always been held that an artist reveals himself most in his etchings. If that is the case, it is in the Thames series more than in any other work that Whistler should be judged, for here he stamps himself as one of the greatest of the century.

But while this beautiful Thames series was being produced, he was also working upon some pictures, many of which have since become famous. "The Little White Girl," the "Symphony in White," "The Balcony," and the "Portrait of his Mother" were all exhibited in the Academy. In 1877, however, Sir Coutts Lindsay opened the Grosvenor Gallery, and Whistler was to be one of its chief attractions. Here he showed his celebrated "Nocturnes," the "Miss Alexander," the "Lady Archibald Campbell," and "Carlyle." Of these justly celebrated works two have found their way into permanent collections; the "Carlyle" was bought by the Glasgow Corporation, and the "Portrait of his Mother," rejected by the Academy in 1872 but for the intervention of Sir William Boxall, who threatened to resign if it was not accepted, forms one of the greatest attractions in the foreign section of the Luxembourg. In 1885, or about that date, Whistler was elected to become President of the Society of British Artists in Suffolk Street. But this old-fashioned and inartistic body was not on a level with such an artist as Whistler, and it never could be. The venture was not a success, and Whistler soon ceased to be president, and left the society to relapse into its old uninteresting routine. Whistler held small exhibitions at various times after he left the Suffolk Street galleries. The most important of these was in 1886, when he published an amusing catalogue. Here he collected and printed all the absurd and abusive criticisms which had appeared on his works in past years. It was prefaced by the admirable appreciation of the "Portrait of his Mother," written by M. Camille Mauclair for one of the French papers, and which led to the purchase of the picture by the French Government.

In "The Gentle Art of Making Enemies" Whistler incorporated his excellent lecture called "Ten o'Clock." This was delivered originally to a fashionable London audience in 1885, and in it he expounds his very entertaining theories on art. The general trend is to the effect that the world is divided into artists and the rest; that the rest should on no account presume to think, talk, and, least of all, to write about art; that art is "for the one, not for the multitude." A theory which has more truth in it than people at large seem inclined to believe.

Whistler, at least, has taught us to appreciate the beauties of our own great city. His distinction consists in his having been able to live in the present much-abused generation, and, like all truly great men, to have created new forms and new ways of visualising the actual everyday world around him. He has taught us to see the beauties of fogs, of commonplace wharves, and squalid houses. He has taught us this by the distinction of his art, without the slightest distortion of fact, for his pictures and etchings are all perfectly faithful likenesses of the places and the effects. He has painted and loved London, this great, beautiful, ugly city, as no Englishman has ever done, and in the generations to come perhaps it will be Whistler's etchings of "Billingsgate Stairs," "Limehouse," or the "Nocturnes" which will give the truest and most suggestive pictures of London of the nineteenth century.

E. S. S.

FROM THE FARMS.

THE MOWER.

OUR photograph represents such a type of farm labourer as suggested the figure of Father Time in old allegories. Henry Jackson has lived in the same little cottage in Yorkshire for nearly four-and-forty years, and was photographed sharpening his scythe with an old "strickle" which he has had in use for twenty years. The strickle is a four-sided piece of wood like some of the old razor strops, smeared with grease, on which is rubbed fine sand. An old cow's horn is carried by the mower, one half containing the grease and the other the sand. With these strickles a razor-like edge can be put on a scythe.

WOMEN AND AGRICULTURE.

Miss Edith Bradley, Warden of the Lady Warwick Hostel, writes to us as follows: "After five years' experience I have no hesitation in saying that women can make a living out of the lighter branches of agriculture. At the close of our residence at Reading, and the removal of the hostel to Studley Castle, Warwickshire, it may fairly be asked, have we as an institution justified our existence?"

"An excellent answer to this question was given at the conference held on the 14th of this month, on the experience and work of past students. It was attended by between sixty and seventy past and present students, and occupied five hours, with only one short interval, and the interest never flagged. Old students from all parts of the country contributed papers or speeches, and brisk discussions ensued on women as market gardeners and small holders, women in posts as gardeners, dairy teachers, dairy managers, and poultry managers; the various difficulties of marketing crops, buying and selling, the labour question, the best crops to grow, the returns on capital. The difference in social position between the girl who works and the girl whose life is given up to social trivialities was unanimously considered to be in favour of the former. After the interval

another hour was spent in considering the best way to start a co-operative credit bank in connection with the guild, in order that members might be able to draw upon it in cases of necessity, and benefit by it, as the Irish have done under Mr. Plunkett's admirable organisation.

"Now I venture to think that had such a concrete illustration of the practical outcome of a five years' existence been put before the public by a college or institution for men, congratulations would have fallen upon it all round, but being an institution for women, 'Oh, well! it's but a poor thing to be connected with,' and one must not expect any recognition whatever from great societies interested in agriculture, or from any State department of either education or agriculture, because, as we occupy a sort of position midway between both, Education says, 'I can't deal directly with Agriculture,' and Agriculture says, 'Education must help you, because all my official efforts are to benefit farmers and other men; if we enlarge our borders and take in women engaged in agriculture, especially the lighter branches, where shall we find ourselves?'

"It is true that the State gives enormous sums to Germany and America for dried fruit and vegetables for both Army and Navy, and that bottled fruit is imported by the ton; and it is likewise true that the preservation of fruit in any form is essentially women's work but it is not to be expected that the State



THE MOWER.

would foster this work for women, and give grants to carry out the necessary training and experiments in a suitable way! So it all has to come back to individual enterprise and generosity, and the State takes no responsibility except the burden of enormous taxation.

"However, to return to the subject before us, we have proved that educated women when trained, and trained thoroughly, can make a living for themselves in one of the branches of lighter agriculture, and two or three women working in co-operation and taking two or three branches will do better still."

COUNTY SHOWS.

Just at present the county shows are taking place in such numbers that it is difficult to keep up with them. That for Staffordshire, held on Wednesday and Thursday of last week, was noteworthy for its horses, both thorough-breds and agricultural. In Shires many very important studs were represented, but the majority of the exhibits were from tenant-farmers. Lord Egerton's Monarch repeated his success at the Royal and Peterborough, and was afterwards sold for a large sum. The same owner's Tatton Nell Gwynne carried off the first prize for yearlings. There was a very good show of cattle, sheep, and pigs. The Morpeth gathering of the Northumberland Agricultural Society was held in heavy rain, but nevertheless was well attended, and brought out a very representative number of



TWO LINCOLNS.

beasts. Mr. William Bell, in his own country, won for short-horns with his famous Baron Abbotsford. The classes for agricultural and draught horses were well filled, and gave evidence that though Clydesdales are still in favour, the attempt to encourage the breeding of Shires in our most northern county has not been a failure. The Mid-Kent, the Royal Northern Agricultural Society's Show at Aberdeen, the Mansfield and District Show, the Cork Summer Show, and the Brentwood, Romford, and District Horse Show are all extremely interesting, but space precludes us from giving a detailed account of each of them.

ON THE GREEN.

THIS is not the best of times for seeing inland courses. On the seaside links it is all right, for sand does not bake kindly. But the clay soils and the chalk soils do. Therefore the Winchester course must be good of its kind, for, playing on it practically for the first time last week, I liked it, and one seldom thinks good things of inland golf of which one's first acquaintance is made in the high summer. I had just seen the course a year or so ago; but it has undergone some drastic alteration, and, no doubt, improvement, since. Local opinion appears to be that it would be a very fine course if you could give it eighty more bunkers and eight hundred tons of sand. Local opinion also is that it plays better in the dry weather than in the wet. My experience of it was in an intermediate state—the grass was wet with a shower, but the ground was hard below, and perhaps this combines the best of both the extremes, making the greens fair for putting and the ground firm for standing on. It is not always thus with a downland course, such as that of Winchester. It is a chalk soil, and all of us who have played, say, at Eastbourne, or elsewhere on chalk downs, know only too well the white grease on which we slip and slide when the chalk gets wet. And when you come to a course as a stranger and pilgrim you are not a bit

anxious for eighty more bunkers. The existing ones suffice. You have no time to acquire that familiarity which makes the plain sailing appear stale and unprofitable. Sand in the bunkers as an alternative to chalk one might welcome at royal and ancient Winchester; but it is only fair to say that there is a luxuriant growth of turf on the Winchester downs such as is not always found on chalk downs. This year, and at this season, abundant hazard is supplied on both sides of the mown course by the straggling long grass, disdainfully spoken of by an eminent golfing authority as "they wannel straes," meaning windle straws. Two rainy summers in succession have been kind to the inland courses in the chance they have given to the putting green and to the turf generally. But in revenge they have given the mower lots of work, and on the fringes of the mown part the lies are heavy. Winchester golf course is of that severely up and down character, sometime described as boldly undulating, which seems to mean that you never find the ball at anything like the level at which you are standing; it is always

away down below you or up at the level of your head. Remembering that Taylor put the last polish on his game there, one is disposed to speculate whether the difficulty of keeping the ball straight from lies of this nature has anything to do with educating him to his great accuracy. The putting greens are excellent.

The Oxford and Cambridge Golfing Society's team seems to be fairly settled, as it is time it were, seeing it is almost on the point of sailing. Mr. Croome and Mr. Humphrey Ellis are prevented from going, as they had intended, but Mr. Guy Ellis goes, and the brothers Hunter, Mr. Bramston, who is quite well again, and playing fine golf, as I found by painful experience at Winchester, Mr. Beveridge, Mr. Ransome, Mr. Alison, and Mr. Low as captain. The most interesting match of a rather arduous tour (there is enough play to amount to pretty hard work in their programme) will be that against "all America." They ought to be able, after all allowance made for sea-voyage, change of climate, American hospitality, and the rest of the allowances, to hold their own quite comfortably against any of the club teams brought against them, but "all America" are sure to be a good lot, and will take some beating on a course that will be unfamiliar to the visiting side. It will be interesting to watch their fortunes. They have suffered severe loss by the absence of Mr. Ellis, the younger, and Mr. Croome, but Mr. Bramston is an unexpected accession of strength, and will be a mighty help. But he plays with a "guttie" ball still—the only man who does. He will have to abandon that bad habit.

It would seem that there must be something in the balmy air of the island of Jersey peculiarly adapted for the growth of pears and golfers, for both are brought to great perfection there. It is always to be recorded as notable when Harry Vardon is beaten. He was beaten in the competition of the Professional Golfers' Association for the cup which he won last year. But he was only beaten by a single stroke, and they had to get another Jersey man, Edward Ray, to do it. What is more singular still is that Ray is Vardon's successor at Ganton. So is it Jersey or Ganton that manufactures golfers so well? Ray did what was clearly a marvellous second round of 70, which just put him a stroke ahead of Vardon, whose best round, the second-best made, was 73.

HORACE HUTCHINSON.

QUIET SUSSEX.

THE valley of the Cuckmere may be described with truth as one of the quietest, most rural, and most typically English—one might almost say Saxon—of any part of the broad county of Sussex. It is a beautiful country-side, lying secluded and remote. The peasants about here still maintain strong Saxon characteristics, their speech bewrayeth them, and to this hour you may hear "the" and "this" pronounced "de" and "dis," much as these words were pronounced by the far-away ancestors of these people in the days when Ella and his South Saxons overran all this part of England.

The Cuckmere River rises in the high country about



C. Breach.

ALFRISTON FROM THE MARSH.

Copyright



C. Breach.

ROLLING WITH A TEAM OF SUSSEX OXEN.

Copyright

Heathfield and Waldron. Flowing past Hellingly and Horse-bridge, a little north of Hailsham, it passes Michelham Priory, where it supplies the ancient moat, and thence making its devious way through a few miles of flat champagne country, enters the downs between the pleasant villages of Wilmington and Berwick. From this point to the sea, some four or five miles distant, the little river runs through a broad, marshy valley, until at the place called Cuckmere Haven it finds exit to the salt water, flowing quietly, in a stream of clearest crystal, through a deep bed of shingle which the waves have here deposited. Long centuries ago the Cuckmere Haven must, as its name indicates, have been a broad estuary, carrying plenty of water, and there can be little doubt that Roman galleys and the long ships of Scandinavian and Baltic and Germanic pirates made entrance upon the tide, and, sailing up between the high rolling downs that flank the valley on either side, explored the country for some few miles inland. Wilmington and Berwick both shelter beneath the northern escarpment of the downs, and the first village passed by the Cuckmere after making its entrance between the great smooth hills is Alfriston, which lies about three miles from the mouth of the river. Alfriston, known to the rural folk as "Allfrissun," is one of the most interesting and picturesque villages of East Sussex. The church, sometimes called the Cathedral of the South Downs, is a large structure built on the plan of a Greek cross, the nave, transepts, and chancel being all of equal length. In

a field outside the churchyard stands a quaint, timbered fifteenth century church-house, which has been recently rescued from decay, and partially restored. In the village street is an old market cross; the Star Inn is quite one of the most curious old houses in Sussex. It dates back to the time of Edward IV., and is still in excellent preservation. Outside are some very quaint carvings, showing St. George and the Dragon, an abbot or a saint, and other devices. At the corner of the house stands a monstrous object, the figure-head of a Dutch vessel wrecked near here some 200 years since. This ancient hostelry, where, by the way, the modern traveller can get good refreshment and accommodation, is conjectured to have been a place of rest and recruitment for pilgrims on their road to the shrine of St. Thomas at Canterbury. On the other side of the Cuckmere, perched half a mile up on the downsides, stands the tiny church of Lullington, which accommodates not much more than a score or so of people, and is believed to be the smallest, or one of the smallest, churches in England. The views from this spot are magnificent. Firle Beacon, 814ft. in height, rises majestically three or four miles beyond. Alfriston, Litlington, Berwick, Alceston, and Wilmington nestle peacefully beneath, the downs roll far westward, while to the north the eye ranges over beautiful country



C. Breach.

WATERING THE TEAM AFTER WORK.

Copyright

to the distant heights of Crowborough Beacon and Ashdown Forest.

Crossing the Cuckmere a little above Alfriston, the Seaford



F. Mason Good.

ACROSS THE DOWNS.

Copyright



F. Mason Good.

EXCEAT FARM.

Copyright

road runs along the pleasant valley to Litlington, where stands another church and hamlet. The cyclist, by the way, may be advised to take this road from Eastbourne to Seaford and Newhaven; the alternative route, on the right bank, passes through Alfriston over a very high and steep down, which, on a hot summer's day, will be found a somewhat trying ascent. The road by Litlington is an exceedingly pleasant one; the rich marsh valley stretches on the right hand, with the Cuckmere flowing placidly through its midst. A broad dyke, crammed with flags and other moisture-loving vegetation, forms a pleasant selvage to the white road; cattle graze contentedly amid luxuriant pastures; wild roses deck the hedges. In this valley snipe are found towards winter, and near the estuary rare water-fowl and waders are occasionally to be noted. A mile or two beyond Litlington, where, by the way, are excellent tea-gardens abounding with fruit, we come to the corner where the road branches, in one direction over Exceat Bridge to Seaford, two miles on, in the other to Eastbourne, over the downs, *via* East Dean. At this corner stands the old farmhouse of Exceat, where is still to be seen a team of ploughing oxen. These

well-trained beasts plough, draw the big roller—as shown in the picture—and perform other useful agricultural work. One is sorry to find this picturesque survival of Saxon times becoming so rare in England. In East Sussex plough oxen are being gradually abandoned, and a few years hence will probably see the last of them. It is a pleasant and most interesting thing to see these fine and sturdy cattle returning from their day's work, to Exceat Farm; they are wonderfully docile and obedient, and take their turns to be released from their yokes with exemplary patience. Yoke by yoke they stroll to the pool just beyond the roadside, drink deep and long, and turn away for their pasture with dripping mouths and high contentment. The good beasts remind one irresistibly of many an out-span and trek in far-off South Africa, though here the draught oxen grow to nothing like the stature of the long-horned, high-shouldered cattle of the Boers and Bechuanas.

From Exceat Farm there is a very pleasing prospect to Cuckmere Haven. On the right bank is a coastguard station, and the wanderer along the cliff edge from Eastbourne to Seaford can here usually get put across the river by boat. There is a



F. Mason Good.

AN ANCIENT GRANARY.

Copyright

path down to the mouth of the river from Litlington, after crossing Exceat Bridge, but it is a rough way for cyclists, and not many attempt it. Where it flows into the sea, through its clean bed of sand and pebbles, the Cuckmere looks so clear and so pellucid that it might surely attract a brisk sea-trout now and again, or even a lordly salmon. I have, however, never heard of any of the salmonidæ being taken in this river, which affords fair sport to anglers of coarse fish. Otters have their abiding-places along the Cuckmere banks, and a capital hunt took place the other day with the new Sussex pack, the Crowhurst Otterhounds, a tough dog otter being killed not far from Michelham Priory.

All this country-side was, until about the year 1830, the abode of many smugglers, who, at Birling Gap, Cuckmere Haven, and other parts of the coast, ran their cargoes with a boldness and effrontery that seem very strange to the present law-abiding population. Many and desperate were the conflicts between the Preventive officers and the "free traders" of this part of Sussex, and heavy cargoes were occasionally run and carried on horse-back over the downs in broad daylight.

H. A. B.



F. Mason Good.

A SUSSEX HOMESTEAD.

Copyright

"OH, THOU TOUCH OF HEARTS."

By EVELYNE E. RYND.

PEOPLE said that Katherine Haye should certainly be given to understand by some competent authority that she was expected to engage herself before the season was over to either John Lonsdale or Lord Francis Petherden. But the season ended, and everyone left town—and Katherine left too, as comprehensively disengaged as ever.

Her aunt remonstrated with her, and her uncle laughed at her, but Katherine, though she listened with her usual seriousness, said nothing herself that could be taken even by the most hopeful as indicating any intention of doing as she was bid.

The evening before the Hill Street household left town, however, she went round to Alexandra House in a hansom. There dwelt Diana, another girl. She was an artist, and had a scholarship at the Royal Academy, whence she drew the funds which enabled her to live in an unceasing discussion of that august body and all its teachings, while pursuing her own ideas of art at every available time and season. In Alexandra House she had a little green distempered and-merged sitting-room, which, by virtue of interest in the councils of the great, she happily did not have to share with a soprano whose highest aim in life was her high C, or a female art-student whose loftiest notion of success was a low position on the Burlington House walls. It had a long cushioned window-seat for the better contemplation of those red-brick back views of other people's houses which formed its inspiring outlook; and it was sufficiently small to be entirely filled with several shut portfolios, two wicker arm-chairs, Diana, and valiant joss-lilies giving King Solomon points on a diet of pebbles in cheap blue china bowls.

Hither came Katherine in a dinner-frock, and talked on the window-seat, while the other girl tilted herself on the edge of one of the wicker chairs and stared dreamily at her friend's head outlined against a background of red gloom. This apparently absorbed her entire attention, till a remark from Katherine moved her to talk also.

"We certainly all have our limits," she agreed. "Whose have you been stumbling up against that you emphasise the fact so ruefully?"

"My own," said Katherine.

"Oh," said the other girl. "Well, one is apt to stub one's toes rather worse against one's own limits than against anyone else's, I find. But the great thing is to conceal them. I grow ivy and things on my boundary walls, and then when anybody does tumble up against them, all they say is, 'Oh, how charming!' I really hardly know they are boundaries myself. Talking of boundaries—here's the end of another season, Katherine. How have you been behaving in it?"

"Not at all well," said Katherine, with a sigh.

"Have you been 'carrying on,' to use the language of those who desire to 'get off'?"

"I believe I have."

"Well, you always do," said the other girl, tilting higher; "or so your good aunt led me to believe the last time we discoursed together. There's nothing to arrest the attention in that."

"Does my aunt complain?" said Katherine, thoughtfully.

"Of what? Of your flirting? Your aunt, excellent lady, could give points to most in that line, I fancy. She taught you nearly all you know. But why so grave over it this time? Have you made a muddle of it?"

"Not exactly."

"Then has somebody at last given you as good as you gave him?"

"Oh no, no!" said Katherine, with a laugh.

"Then what is it?"

"One of them told me he thought flirting was dishonest, Diana," said Katherine, after a moment, with apparent irrelevance.

"So it is," said the other girl, drily. "'One of them' was quite right. But then we both knew that before, more or less."

"It's like business dishonesty, only blamed by those who lose by it."

The other girl stopped tilting.

"Enigmas are very interesting things," she remarked, "and you and I are very apt to talk enigmatically when dealing with plain matters. But, on the other hand, when dealing with enigmas, it's best to talk plainly. What are you going to do?"

"I want you to tell me," said Katherine.

"I absolutely refuse," said Diana. She said it as one accustomed to be called on, and declining the responsibility, not through fear, but wisdom.

"Then help me to tell myself."

"You can do it before me, if you wish, of course," said the other girl, continuing to tilt. "I'll not interrupt." But Katherine clasped her hands round her knees and looked at her friend with clear candid eyes.

"It's not the least use my even trying unless you help me," she said; "you know that. You'll sit tilting there and crushing me casually with aphorisms and formulas every time I work out a *modus operandi*—"

"Don't depreciate formulas," said the other girl, dreamily. "It is with formulas one fights life. They crystallise into weapons the things which are real but not apparent for use against the things that are not only apparent but bitterly real."

"Diana! Will you not leave off thinking, and feel a moment, Diana—feel for me?" said Katherine, plaintively.

"So many mistaken people are feeling for you, poor souls," said the other girl, "that it seems almost better someone should endeavour to think for you, my dear. Moreover, if I allowed myself to be influenced by my feelings—with you sitting there in the dusk like that other Katherine of old, 'most fair Katherine,' King Harry's Katherine, bare-armed and purple-clad, 'Queen of all, Katherine'—I should say, as those other fools around you are saying, 'the Queen can do no wrong.' And that would prematurely close the conversation."

"You are not a bit like a girl, Diana."

"Oh, I'm like a girl right enough," said Diana; "I happen to be an artist, also; that's all. It is you who are not like a girl."

"I was brought up by a man, you see," said Katherine, wistfully.

"And a scholar. That's a factor too. Thence have you had to learn your social craft at poorer hands. The man in you is the reason of half these complications, Katherine. You have that masculine type of philosophy which goes with the tide when it seems convenient and steps out of it altogether when it isn't. You have no consciousness of your womanhood and no conscious religion—lacks of a man's rearing those, both of them. Otherwise you would have taken all this London life very differently, and flirted a little less, and married long ago. Well, here we are again at the elusive point. Would it help you to elucidation if I asked you a few leading questions now?"

"Yes. Ask the right ones, Diana."

"I'll ask the only one that matters. Do you love either of these men?"

"No. I don't know. I'm not sure. No."

"Then there's the whole blessed business settled. If you love neither, marry neither. What did you come to talk about?"

"That doesn't settle the whole blessed business, Diana."

"I never expected it would, Katherine."

"Diana—"

"Well."

"I'm not very happy living with my aunt," said Katherine, slowly.

"I know you are not. It's easily understood, too. She and her kind are like those singularly modern children of Israel who achieved their hearts' desire—and leanness withal unto their souls."

"I want to marry, Diana. Since I don't think I love either of these men, can't I honourably marry one of them? Putting love aside, can't I weigh other lesser reasons, and choose one of them?"

"What are these other reasons," said the other girl, drily—"lesser, but strong enough to put love aside?"

"Oh, I don't know. People press it on one. I've refused till now, but one's expected to marry. You know London—Aunt Irene's London."

"Don't call it London. It's only one aspect of London."

"It's an aspect of which everybody is struggling to become a feature."

"And you having, without effort, become a prominent feature, desire to remain so. Well, that's a legitimate reason enough. Go on."

"And I'd like to make a great match," said Katherine.

"As is expected of a great beauty," supplemented Diana. "Good again, I suppose. Go on."

"And it resolves itself into one of these two men. They are both good matches. My aunt doesn't mind which I take, though I think she would prefer Lord Petherden. I like Lord Petherden. He seems to understand me—he never says the wrong thing in answer to what I say."

"It might dawn on you after marriage that he achieves that highly desirable result chiefly by the frequency with which he never says anything at all," remarked the other girl.

"Well, mistaken silence is preferable to mistaken speech, Diana, anyhow; and he has a title—"

The other girl suddenly sprang to her feet, and as suddenly sat down again. "Well, go on," she said, after a moment. "I find it easier to be wicked than obvious, myself, but don't mind me."

"I don't care," said Katherine. "He has. Not that Colonel Lonsdale is not of good enough family too," she added, hastily.

"And he's famous, and he will be more famous some day. He's the youngest colonel in the Army, and he's been given command over this big expedition against the Waziris. He has started already, and—"

She came to a sudden stop, to find the other girl sitting extremely still and staring at her steadfastly.

There was a pause.

"Well?" said the other girl, in gentle enquiry.

"Nothing," said Katherine, lucidly.

"Oh!"

"Well, nothing that counts. I once thought perhaps—but no. Anyway, Diana——"

"Well?"

"He's not very well off," said Katherine, composedly; "though, of course, he may become so."

The other girl said something under her breath.

"What did you say?" asked Katherine.

"Nothing. I was only quoting—one Timon of Athens. He lived long ago; but he reported the world much the same as it seems to be to-day. Well, go on. And Lord Petherden is rich. That was the last, wasn't it? Or is there no further to go?"

"Money does count nowadays. It does, Diana. It counts dreadfully. You can't deny it."

"I don't. One not very rich, but going to be famous; the other never going to be famous, but very rich." She tilted lazily in her chair. "There's not much doubt but that your father's daughter would have known which to like best in the old days, my dear."

"My father is dead," said Katherine; "and the old days are no more."

In the silence that followed the city clocks struck ten, and both girls rose.

"Nor is the world my old world. In the world where I live now, I must do what they all do," said Katherine Haye.

"The condition of success attached to that is to become what they all are," said the other girl.

"Life's a different and a better matter for you, Diana. 'A man's gift maketh room for him'; but I've got to make and take the best place I can for myself."

"What sort of a gift is this?" said Diana, touching Katherine's face.

"A gift that makes no room—a gift that builds barriers," said Katherine. "A gift of the highways only—of a narrow highway, a dusty, a trodden—where you needn't think, Diana, that I'm always so anxious to walk."

"Nothing is settled, I suppose?" said the other girl, after a moment.

"Nothing. Nor likely to be. I only wanted to talk things over; and it has decided me not to decide. We shall all be in London again in about five months' time, I expect. I shall know by then—and so will everyone."

"Well, that gives fate a chance of playing trumps yet. And now, my gift having made room for me in this respectable establishment, according to its rules you must go, I suppose," said the other girl. "Good night, my dear."

"Good night, Diana."

"You'll write?"

"Yes; I'll write," said Katherine.

Thus, in spite of the weight of both the public and private opinion of her world, she left London without becoming engaged to either John Lonsdale or Lord Petherden.

One afternoon, in the autumn term of the same year, the other girl received a letter, of which the following is an extract:

"We only reached this late last night. I would come round this afternoon, but we have a great political 'At Home' on—half the Cabinet coming. I have had such a summer, Diana—a summer of wandering in wild places, with neither news nor newspapers, duties nor worries. My dear, the world is very, very beautiful; but the Lord hath delivered it into the hand of the wealthy. I don't uphold His judgment. I merely state the fact."

"Which is not a fact," said the other girl.

"I have decided. I'm going with the tide. I shall be seeing F. P. to-morrow, and you may draw your own conclusions—though he hasn't had any indication from which to draw a conclusion himself, poor dear."

There was also a postscript:

"I haven't heard from Colonel Lonsdale for ages, by the way."

"The better man he," said Diana. "I suppose she's heard what a mess he's made of that Waziri job. The young man has bid farewell to fame and prospective fortune both, I fancy—and they were all he had to set against the other's advantages. Well, well, it's a touch of hearts before which the best go down!"

Nevertheless, the letter slightly depressed Diana's spirits, which were otherwise rather good just then, after a half-term spent in waging highly successful war against authorities of all kinds, from those who would fain have taught her that the sin of originality is a sin before which the sin of plagiarism is as nothing, to those who strove to make it clear to her that, cocoa and bread and butter being amply sufficient for a female art-student's supper after ten o'clock, it is wrong to coax underlings to provide more. She was sitting in one of the wicker arm-chairs in a somewhat gloomy attitude, when she heard a sudden, swift step outside her door, and before she had time to so much as rouse herself to listen, Katherine Haye was in the room. She was clad in sea-green silk and lace like the driven sea-foam, and moonstones repeating in her head, and round wrists and

neck, the shades of a green sea's colouring and the brown tones of her own. Having got in, she stood panting, her wide tragic eyes on Diana, as though the haste of her coming and the weight of its reason bereft her of speech.

"Here's glory," said Diana, when she had somewhat recovered her own breath. "Welcome, my dear. What brings——"

"I've come for you to come with me, Diana. Diana, have you heard?"

"Heard! No! What?" said the other girl, springing to her feet.

"He's superseded. He's disgraced. He's home."

"Katherine, sit down. So. Now say what you've got to say, quietly, or I warn you, back you go without having said it at all. Who is disgraced and superseded and home?"

"Colonel Lonsdale. Diana, didn't you know?"

Diana gave a long, irrepressible whistle.

"I did not. That he had bungled the business, everybody knew, of course. More I had not seen." She broke off—looked at Katherine. "But, Katherine—I mean—what——"

She did not know which to ask of all the questions that this astonishing turn of affairs brought crowding on her mind.

"You'll forgive my temporary amazement," she said, feebly; "but when you wrote to me this morning, did you not know that he had bungled it?"

"He did not bungle it—he did not!" cried Katherine, springing up again in irrepressible wrath. "And how should I have heard? I haven't been within reach of papers for the last two months or more. I've been wandering about alone with another girl."

"Oh!" said Diana, gazing at her.

"But this afternoon I heard—oh, I heard! There was nothing else being talked of—the men who knew saying nothing, and the men whose mouths shame should have stopped giving their own version to the world. It has been a much more disastrous failure than has been allowed to come out, Diana; but it can't be kept dark any longer. They smuggled Colonel Lonsdale back as quietly as possible. But it will all be out to-morrow; I asked Mr. Blake point blank."

"Oh, you asked the War Minister point blank!" murmured the other girl. "And what did he say?"

"Nothing!" replied Katherine, passionately.

"That was enlightening!" Diana's eyes were full of mingled humour, amazement, and sympathy.

"He took care not to. But there is to be a question asked in the House, and the blame is to be put on Harry Lonsdale. He is to be the scapegoat—damned with dignified and forbearing censure! I've seen letters——" She choked. "Diana, Diana, they had no transport, they had no rations, they had no boots, they had no ammunition! From beginning to end it was one long story of shameful mismanagement and more shameful meanness on the part of the Government. He wrote, imploring, entreating, insisting—he isn't high enough to do more. But they did not want to spend money, because they expected a dissolution. Oh, may their party go out with a crash that shall smash it to unmendable smithereens!"

"My dear Katherine!"

"I think I'm a little excited," said Katherine, suddenly becoming calm.

"I think you are," said the other girl, drily. "Your excitement is not the least inexplicable element in this inexplicable situation. May I ask what your aunt says to all this?"

"What does she say? What should she say? She says, 'My dear Katherine, what a fortunate thing you did not engage yourself to that young man! So promising as he seemed—quite one of the catches of last season!' Did you know my cousin is out there, Diana? My uncle showed me some of his letters. Even he is angry, red-hot Radical though he is. And Captain Egerton—he was with us this afternoon—he is a friend of mine. He has chums out there, Diana. He says they have never expected anything else but disaster. He showed me some of their letters, the poor, heart-sick boys! 'Lonsdale's splendid,' one of them says; 'but we're crippled, and he can't save us.' Oh, Diana, Diana, these are the things that break my heart!"

"They must have nearly broken his, which is more to the point," said Diana. "This explains why there have been such an extraordinary number of deaths from sickness during the campaign. And he's home?"

"At his old rooms, Captain Egerton says. He arrived yesterday, and he leaves town to-morrow. He's been ill. Captain Egerton had seen him and spoken to him, coming out of the War Office. He wanted him to dine, but he wouldn't. 'Dog-tired and utterly done,' he said he looked. The phrase sticks in my mind," added Katherine, smiling with quivering lips.

"Look here, Katherine, there's a certain humour in the situation, as far as you are concerned, which appears to escape you," said Diana, putting her hands on Katherine's shoulders and holding her back in her chair that she might look into her eyes; "but I may as well point out that there is a certain gravity also. What is all this to you?"

"It's so much to me that I'm going to him."

"Going to him?"

"I have come for you to go with me. It's only nine o'clock. If you don't come, I'm going alone."

"What on earth for?"

"To tell him I'm sorry for him."

"Can't you convey that interesting information to him without going to his rooms uninvited at nine o'clock at night clad like a sea-king's bride?"

"No, I can't. He's going away to-morrow. It's not my fault I've got this frock on; I was asked to a dinner and dance to-night, and I had to dress as if I were going, for fear of Aunt Irene. But the moment she'd driven off to her own functions I drove off here. I'm going to him, Diana. Come along! He's down—and despised—without hope of redress. He has neither mother nor sisters—he's all alone!"

"Do you advance that as a reason for going?" enquired Diana.

"Yes, I do. He shall know that at least one English girl knows how to reward a brave soldier. I'll be the mouthpiece of his country to him. What's the good of a woman if she can't make the balances a little more even for men than men make them for each other?"

"Dear me," said Diana. "Dear, dear me." She looked at Katherine with a glance of irrepressible humour. "Is this pay?" she said.

"It's pity," said Katherine, with a laugh and a sob.

"You're sure?"

"I only know I'd not leave my worst enemy in such a situation if I could comfort him. And I believe I can comfort this man. Think what public failure means to a soldier, Diana—and this is undeserved."

"Oh, I expect you can comfort him all right," said the other girl. "Well, we'll take it at pity. Do you know what he will take it at?"

"I know what I don't mind if he does take it at," replied Katherine, "if that's what you mean."

"And you realise that this young man will probably never now be very rich?"

"I know he won't, poor dear."

"Poor dear?" repeated Diana, with an indescribable inflection of enquiry.

"Certainly, poor dear," replied Katherine, firmly.

"Oh," said the other girl. "Do I gather that you will not see F. P. to-morrow?"

"I believe you may safely gather that, Diana. Oh, Diana, come along, my hansom's waiting."

"But there lies the letter in which you announce this morning your intention of flowing with the tide into the arms of Lord Francis Petherden, and your one longing this evening is to fly in a hansom to the succour of Colonel Lonsdale. There's a slight discrepancy——"

"Diana, if you don't come! I did not know then that he wanted succour. Come!"

"It's very wrong," said the other girl. "You ought to go straight back to your aunt. Nothing could be more injudicious, indiscreet, and reprehensible. Wait a moment while I put my things on, Katherine. I'll get myself up as your maid."

As she crossed the sitting-room a little later on her way out—Katherine being already halfway down the passage—the letter caught her eye. She flicked it on to the floor as she went by.

"Oh, Thou touch of hearts," she said. She said it in cheerful derision of Timon of Athens: but then Katherine was a woman.

FISHING FOR BASS.



Copyright

DRIFTING PAST THE BUOYS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

IN the peculiarity of its ways, the bass of our seas has some affinity with the "heathen Chinese." It takes some knowing, but, like the Thames trout and the grey mullet, its acquaintance is worth the cultivating. Even after several years of residence on the banks of an estuary particularly favoured by bass year after year, I can lay claim to no degree of intimacy, so that the fish has ever that charm of mystery which means so much to the jaded mind. Not everyone is able, even in an age of cheap travel, to cross the seas in pursuit of America's tarpon, Africa's steenbras, or Australia's schnapper, and the presence of so sporting a fish as the bass on our coasts should be no slight consolation to those anglers who have no access to salmon rivers in Norway or in Scotland.

I have lately journeyed around the coast of south Britain from Northumberland to Cumberland, and have thus had some opportunity of making enquiries into the present range of the bass, as the result of which I am inclined to limit its distribution, for purposes of practical sport, and excluding irregular occurrences sufficiently rare to record in the Transactions of Natural History Societies, at Aldeburgh on the East Coast, and the Menai Strait on the West. This would give it a slightly higher latitude on the warmer seaboard, and as it is a southern fish, flourishing in warm seas, this view is probably not far wide of the mark. It is found along the entire South Coast, though some spots are more suitable to its requirements than others, so that, between Dungeness and the Land's End, Hastings, Brighton, Weymouth, Exmouth, Teignmouth,

Salcombe, and Plymouth are regarded as the best stations, though how far their claims may be based on the more persistent efforts of resident or visiting anglers cannot easily be determined. It will not escape notice that, with two exceptions, each of these towns stands at the mouth of a river, and it is of the bass as an estuary fish that this article is more particularly intended to treat. In other circumstances, this handsome, perch-like fish, heavy as the barbel and spirited as the trout, boldly challenges the angler amid sunken rocks a dozen miles from land. It shows fight in the surf that swirls under piers, spending its force on sloping beaches; it takes the bait beside weed-grown quays and busy wharves, just within the bar or ten miles up country to the utmost inland range of the tidal flood. Its taste for variety of food is not less pronounced than its passion for change of scene. It will rise to the fly, dash at the phantom, snatch the live bait, or suck in the worm, all within the hour. If only it leapt like the tuna, the rents of salmon rivers would fall. And when you have caught your Aldeburgh bass on the artificial bait, your Hastings bass from the beach, your Arundel bass on snap tackle, your Selsea bass on live prawn, your Looe bass on pilchard, and your Lynmouth bass on herring roe, then, I think, you may come back without regret to the South Devon estuaries, to Teignmouth and Exmouth and the rest, and be content to take your bass on the living sand-eel.

July is the month for this fishing at its best, and July has not yet run its course as I write these notes. Still, I have already



Copyright

TAKING OFF WEED—A FREQUENT INTERLUDE.

"C.L."

had in one hour's fishing two bass of 7lb. and 5lb. exactly, and on another tide two of 5lb. and 3lb. A better notion of what good sport may be had in these Devon estuaries is perhaps furnished by the following extract, the particulars of which can be accepted as absolutely trustworthy, from my fishing journals of July, 1902:

- July 10.—1 fish, 9lb., 28in., 6.30 a.m., water thick, fouled a buoy.
 „ 11.—2 fish, larger 11lb. 5oz., 30in., 7 a.m., water clear, episode with weed.
 „ 15.—4 fish, 2 of 4½lb. each, 9.30 to 12.30, water very clear.
 „ 16.—3 fish, largest 3½lb., 21in., missed a large fish.
 „ 18.—5 fish, largest 6lb., 25in., early morning, gave better sport than the eleven-pounder.
 „ 19.—3 fish, largest 5½lb., total 11lb., raining and cold.
 „ 20.—3 fish, largest 4lb., warm and calm.

Taking the average and neglecting the smaller examples, we here have eight bass aggregating just over 47lb., or, roughly, 6lb. apiece, and this, in seven days' fishing, is not bad sport.

I hardly know how far the Editor intends that I should give detailed hints in these articles, but a few particulars of the tackle and bait may be acceptable, particularly as this estuary bass-fishing lasts at some places through August and the following month.

in any case, everything that lessens the trouble is welcome. The sand-eel, the one and only bait, is held firmly, ye



Copyright

A CHANCE AT SUNSET.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright

AN EARLY MORNING DRIFT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Opinions as to the best rod vary. Personally, I give the preference to a powerful 11ft. trout rod, and on such I have killed every bass that I ever caught in the Teign. Some, however, will prefer a stiffer spinning top, thinking, and perhaps with reason, that the strength of the tide throws an unfair strain on the lighter weapon. As to the reel, there can, I think, hardly be two opinions when once the angler has known the comfort of a Nottingham winch, about 4in. in the barrel, with optional check. Let the line be fine and well-dressed; let the gut collar be at least 6ft., and preferably 9ft., both fine and strong, and with or without a swivel where it joins the running line and with a quarter-ounce lead and a single square sneck hook, about the 7/0 size in the Dublin Limerick scale, the tackle is complete. The small lead is best in the form of a cylinder pointed at either end, as this is less likely to catch the drifting weed. As the removal of weed from the lead or bait, where the least fragment is fatal to success, is a frequent interlude

gently, in the left hand, and the point of the hook, which must be kept very sharp, is passed through its lower lip beyond the barb, the point alone being just hitched through the skin of the throat. Here, again, it is important not to pierce the gill covers, as the fish so handled quickly bleeds to death, and in any case loses its vitality too rapidly to be of any use. The hook baited, the "Hirondell"—I spell her name as she spells it herself—is turned stern on to the flowing tide, and we drift up past foreign shipping, past buoys with treacherous chains lying across our line, and so to a bridge which has lately achieved notoriety in the law courts. The bait is lowered quietly in the water, and the line is payed out very slowly from the reel, the check being kept on in case of a rush. Paying out the line a few inches at a time, the bait is allowed to drift a little faster than the boat, and it is in the exact knowledge of how to check the latter, with an occasional dip of the paddles, that you measure the difference between a boatman who knows the job and one who does not. The latter are the more numerous, and what they lack in science



Copyright

STANDING UP TO AN OFFER.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

they make up in zeal, rowing desperately across the other boats, stemming the tide, fouling the line, and generally spoiling the sport of their own customers and of everyone else afloat. When a bite comes, it may take the form of an enquiring nibble (which does not always denote the smallest bass), or of a more gratifying rush, the reel whirring as the powerful fish heads upstream with the tide. All depends now on the gear holding (and every inch ought to be trustworthy for this work), on the angler's science in playing his fish to the gaff or net, and on the manner in which the boatman backs into the shallow water, where the fish is less dangerous. There is, in fact, no sea-fishing in which the boatman is of greater importance, if indeed there is any other case in which he is of so much. The best fishing is in the early morning, when high water is at eight or nine o'clock, and you can get a good drift from four or even earlier. Then, before the clay barges have been poled over the best ground, which lies between the bridge and the top moorings, before the water has been disturbed by dingheys sculled to and from the vessels and the shore, or by the small boats filled with trippers, the bass are sometimes madly on the feed, and you may make a good catch ere most folks are out of bed. With the first rays of the summer sun lighting the purple tops of the tress, and the rigging of vessels from half a score of continental ports silhouetted against a cloudless sky, the delights of this early morning fishing are almost without parallel. Next to this hour or two after dawn, with its accompanying sacrifice of sleep at which some rebel, the sunset hour, with similar conditions of tide, was always considered the most likely. On this point, however, I have lately been sceptical, as several attempts in the late afternoon have proved barren of result. On the other hand, I recently went afloat on a neap tide in the middle of the morning and caught a couple of fish which together turned the scale at 12lb., and that at an hour which, last year, we should have pooh-pooh'd.

Whenever I take someone out who has never before caught a bass, I am asked whether or not he (or she) should strike. (It also goes without saying that the novice catches all the fish, leaving the instructor with an untouched hook.) To this question it is not easy to give a positive answer, for no two consecutive bass bite alike. I have seen bass lost by striking too soon, as well as by not striking at all; and I have seen one lost by striking in a way, and at a moment, that had, only a few minutes earlier, hooked another. On the whole, it may be said that the small bass, up to a pound, which generally play with the bait before deciding to take it, are often hooked by striking promptly to the first offer, whereas the big fish, which gorge the bait and sink heavily like salmon, are best secured by gently raising the top of the rod and so driving home the hook. In playing, the fish must be humoured in his determined rushes, or he will have his own way; at the same time, a steady strain must be kept and line got home on the reel as expeditiously as possible. I have seen

sportsmen, who love as much of the playing as possible, lose heavy fish by the hook tearing away under the long strain, and the way in which the bass shakes his head from side to side greatly facilitates this fatal widening and weakening of the hook hold.

Such, then, is the mode of catching our bass in estuaries. That he shows sport worthy of the angler may, I think, be judged from the fact that my eleven-pounder kept me busy just over half-an-hour. Let anyone compare this with the intelligence in a recent issue of a contemporary, according to which an American sea-bass weighing 268lb., a gigantic trophy on a rod, took only ten minutes more in the killing, while one of 50lb. was despatched on the rod in five minutes, and it will be seen that our game sea-perch is a far more creditable acquaintance than these sluggish giants of other seas.

Two episodes, in connection with the capture of my two best fish in 1902, may bring this article to a close.

They will serve to illustrate at once the troubles and the luck that sometimes come the way of the bass-fisher. The nine-pounder was hooked close to the buoy shown in the largest of these illustrations, and round the chain he went like a runaway horse. Nothing could stop him, and I prepared to reel in a broken line. On the faint chance, however, of the fish not being so large as it had seemed, in which case it might still be hooked fast, I directed the boatman to row gently round the buoy in the direction taken by the bass, so as to unwind the line. Curiously enough, the ruse succeeded; the bass, feeling once more the strain of the hook, tore away upstream, and was doomed. An almost equally remarkable piece of good fortune attended the capture of the 11lb. bass on the following morning. In this case, after the fish had run out twenty or thirty yards of line two or three times, a struggle which brought the boat very near the bridge, I got in sufficient line to see the lead away on the surface. To my horror I saw something first, a mass of green weed clamped, to all appearance, firmly on the line a couple of feet above the lead. This almost certainly meant losing the bass, as, when the lump of weed came back to the top ring, there would still be a yard at least of slack line, and it would take a far better fisherman than myself to hand-line an 11lb. bass on single gut and in such a tideway. There seemed nothing to be done, but to lose the fish. I made some feeble and futile endeavour to shake the weed clear, when a strange thing happened. The gentleman at the other end responded to my effort, and with such effect as to loosen the weed, which first began slipping slowly down the line and, finally, to my delight, fell away altogether. This settled the fate of the bass, and it and its companion now repose together in a glass-fronted case, just behind my chair. Handsome fish both, yet there are doubtless as good in the river as ever yet came out of it, and every tide brings its new hopes, its fulfilment, and its disenchantment. Of such is the fisherman's life made up.

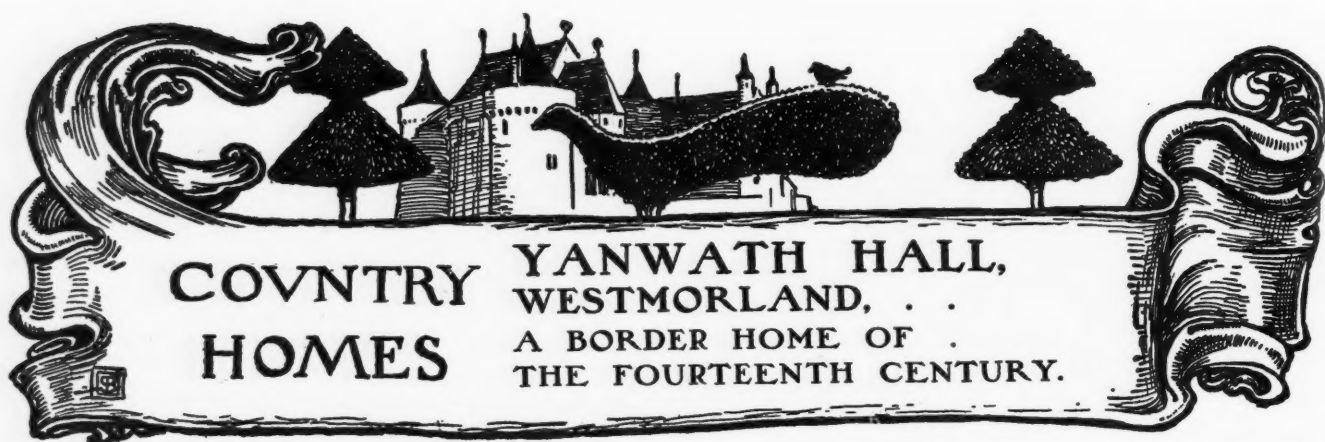
F. G. AFLALO.



Copyright

A FRESH BAIT.

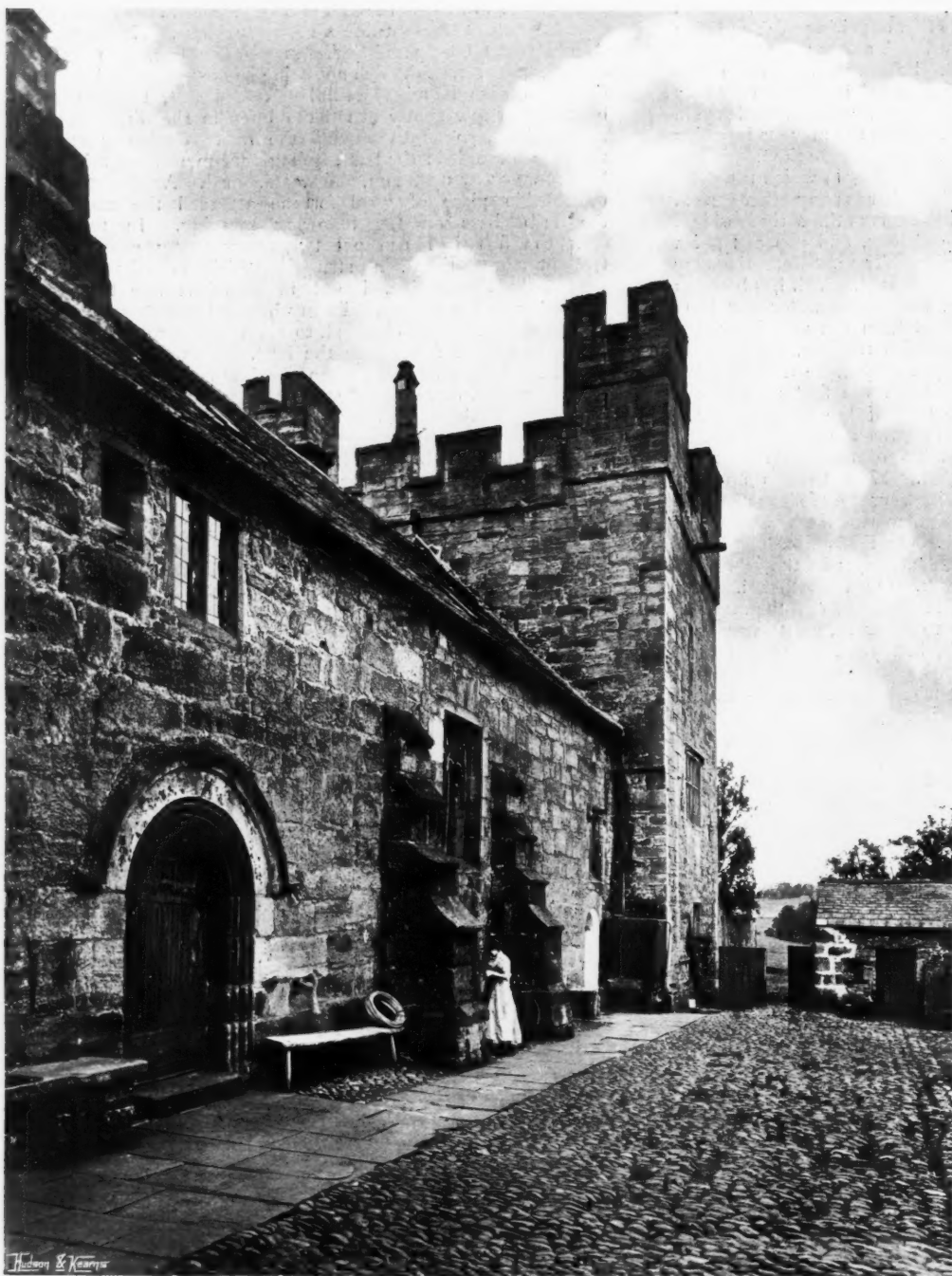
"COUNTRY LIFE."



NEAR Penrith, but in Westmorland, a few miles below Ullswater, on the lovely river Eamont, stands a house of which everyone who passes at once begins to guess the story. It is seen from the railway also, quite distinctly, before Penrith is reached from the south, and is a striking feature in the landscape. It is a large house, yet without grounds or woods and big trees, or anything else that

makes the manor of to-day. Yet the place is all in good order, and the river sweeps swift and clear below the low grassy knoll on which it stands. A strange old place altogether, much as though a knight in armour had survived to turn up among a lot of khaki-dressed staff officers, his armour a little rusty, and his equipment spare and decidedly out of date, but otherwise not altogether different from the soldiers of to-day. So it is with

Yanwath Hall, for that is the name of the fine old place. It is neither a ruin nor yet has it been modernised enough to rank with the houses which have always been the homes of the same class which built them. Consequently it is the more attractive and delightful, a kind of Rip Van Winkle of a house, only hundreds of years more antique than the sleeper of the Catskills, for this house, in which the Westmorland farmer lives and enjoys life to-day, is nearly six centuries old—at least, the greater part of it is—and during that time people have cooked and eaten and slept in it, and Scotch raiders have swept round it, and failed to take it or burn it, times out of number, and cattle have been fattened and cows milked and horses fed and fruit and flowers grown in its yards and gardens for all that long series of days. Two hundred and some odd thousands of dinners must have been cooked there, and the same number of breakfasts, let alone all the animals' meals. It must have seen a good deal of fighting and burning, and a good deal more cattle stealing and horse thieving, and if only the record of what has been viewed from the watch turrets on the tower (very remarkable turrets, too, figured in the best books of architecture as models of that kind of thing) could have been set down in a household log book, the history of the North of England would probably be even more exciting reading than it is. The Scotch used to sack Penrith pretty regularly, and the castle there was built to be a refuge in these recurring raids. But the charm about Yanwath, is that it is *not* a castle, or a fighting place *ad hoc*, but only a gentleman's house which, like the gentleman of the day himself, had to wear armour. It is one of several others, a regular chain of such houses down the Eamont Valley



H. & K. 1903

Copyright

THE COURTYARD FROM THE ARCHWAY.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright

THE HALL WINDOW.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright

THE FRONT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright

A ROOM IN THE TOWER.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

and the tributaries of that river, including Clifton Tower on the Lowther, and Dacre Castle, and Brougham. It looks more cheerful to-day than when it was built, because the owners in the days of Edward VI. thought they could venture to put in some big and handsome windows, the Scotch having had the fight so thoroughly knocked out of them at Flodden, that they, to change the metaphor, had got a bellyful for two reigns or thereabouts. We do not hear of them shutting up a school full of Cumberland children and burning them as they did a few centuries before, and the county generally was in an expansive mood. It was really a very bold thing to build Yanwath Hall as a house and not a castle. The first proprietor, who probably did this enterprising thing in a moment of youthful exhilaration, appears to have been one John de Sutton, who married an heiress, Margaret, of the family of De Somerie, in 1322. As that was just on the eve of a thirteen years' truce with Scotland, John de Sutton may have felt that there was a good time coming, when he would not be absolutely certain of being burnt in his bed if he did not sleep in a castle. He not only built a real house, with only one very strong defensive annex—the remarkable tower here shown—but gave it a good stone courtyard, with absolutely nothing which could be burnt about it, a stone roof and stone door-posts, gutters, floors, and the like, and buildings which, down to the Plantagenet pigstyes and stables, are in good order to this day. The tower, the only obvious concession to the unpleasantness of the times, was enormously thick, and was possibly rebuilt, or added to, later. The lower room is vaulted, and only lighted by narrow slits splaying outwards.

The next storey is a single room only, the ceiling of which was smartened up in the Tudor times. It has large and handsome windows, which were inserted, probably, in the reign of Edward VI., for his arms are seen there, sculptured over the fire-place. A small bedroom leads out of this, in which, some years ago, was one of the ancient beds. In the hugely thick walls are recesses for lockers, a newel staircase at one corner, this little bedroom, and a drain, for water used in the cooking department, and in the thickness of the windows on either side are seats. The top of the tower was probably improved later. It is quite a remarkable and excellent bit of architecture, and was probably a favourite lounge in time of peace, and a safe and pleasant refuge when the raiders were abroad. There is a turret at each corner, with a stairway leading into it, and a handsome chimney. Below is the beautiful ford, or "wath," a Danish word still in daily use in the neighbourhood, which was of some importance when the river was in flood, and made Yanwath at such times one of the crossing-places between Cumberland and Westmorland. The convenience of such a situation is great. The present writer frequently stays by one of these "waths" lower down the Hamont. A private boat is kept there, but were it not so we should never be within more than shouting distance of anyone in Westmorland! The wooded height in the distance seen over the battlements is Penrith Beacon, where the last fire was lighted in the



Copyright

CHIMNEY IN ORIGINAL ENTRANCE HALL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright

THE TOWER FROM THE GARDEN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright

A WATCH-TOWER.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright

THE TOWER FROM THE COURTYARD.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

year of Culloden. It was visible both from Skiddaw and Carlisle. The battlements and chimneys of the tower are all good, the roof flat and of lead, and there are very neat stone water-spouts carrying out the moulding round the tower. The big tower is at one angle of what was a square of buildings. One side, probably the least important, has gone, but the rest is almost absolutely *in statu quo ante*. The only alterations are those of Edward VI.'s time, which are quite recognisable by the non-expert eye. You can stand in the old yard (through and across which the cattle and horses pass under the old gateway at morning and evening as of old) and see the whole place the same, even to the doors and iron grilles instead of glass in some of the windows, as it was when men tramped across it in breast-plates and iron shoes, and the shepherd and cowherd went out to work with a bow in their hands and a leather and steel jack on their backs. The house was made safe by the simple plan of having almost no windows, those there were being very small and right up under the eaves, as may be seen in the pictures.

There are hardly two of the same size of the old set, that is), and a man could not squeeze through the solid stone plates. One "window" is a square-split cross, with peepholes at the ends; another a stone ventilator-like grille (one of the Yanwath iron grilles is quite famous in books of architecture); others are little portholes under the eaves, others square hatches. The doorway at the back is remarkable. The door appears to be the original one of about 1314, and is handsomely carved. It gives on to the courtyard, which was only entered through its own strong gateway; so that accounts perhaps for the decoration of the door, and for its not having been burnt or smashed. But it is something very quaint and delightful to see the ordinary domestic business of what is now a large and prosperous farmhouse, the coming and going of the stores and tradesmen and servants and water-pails and the like, through the original Plantagenet door. The face which has the tower on the right is made up of the old great hall, next which, as was usual, is the ancient kitchen, all in good order, and at the back a small watch-tower and battlemented platform called the horse-leads. The thick wall at this angle is carried up above the roof, and battlemented on both sides, so that a warder could walk round and shoot along the flanks with his cross-bow. This is joined to the room below by a staircase, overlooks the river, and guards the back entrance to the courtyard. It is said that over the gateway there was once a chapel. The great hall is unfortunately now divided up into smaller rooms, and the timber roof is covered by a ceiling. It would, however, be quite possible to restore the hall to its original form with very little trouble. In the sixteenth century it was very much altered, and doubtless improved. By that date the descendants of John de Sutton and of Margaret de Somerie had been ennobled, and were the Lords Dudley. In the reign of Henry VIII., Thomas, the eldest son by the second wife of Edmund Lord Dudley, settled at Yanwath, and married Sarah, the daughter and co-heiress of Sir Lancelot Threlkeld. So says the author of the volume of "Domestic Architecture of the Middle Ages," from the admirable pages of which the present writer has supplemented the impressions left by personal visits. But it looks rather as if the house had in some way become the property of the Threlkelds, and that the son of Lord Dudley had married the heiress. In any case, he was rich, and is credited with the Tudor alterations now seen. They consist mainly, as we have said, in enlarging the windows, a beautiful example of which is here shown, and of improving the top storey of the tower; but the interior was no doubt made far more habitable and imposing, with good mantel-pieces and panelling. The setting and surroundings of Yanwath must be borne in mind. Up the valley tower the not distant mountains of the lakes, and the gorge of Ullswater; southwards are Lowther Castle, its woods, and the great moors of Shap Fell. East is the rushing Eamont

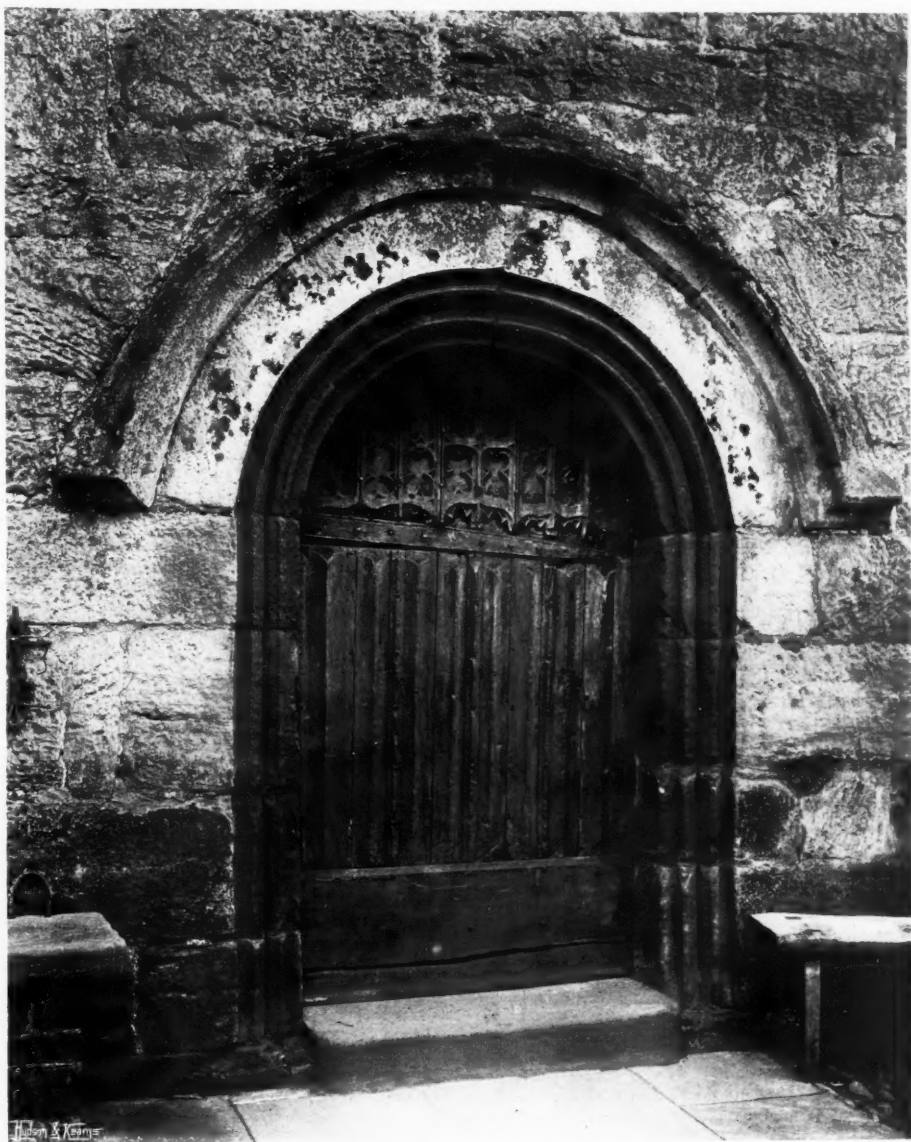
River, which the Lowther joins at Brougham Castle, and the two sweep on past crimson cliffs to the Giant's Caves, and the Waters' Meeting at Eden Hall. Then comes the Eden Valley, with its endless beauties down to merry Carlisle, while on the east the great wall of Cross Fell shuts the vale off from Northumberland.

C. J. CORNISH.

IN THE GARDEN.

WORK IN THE GARDEN—RAISING BIENNIAL AND PERENNIAL FLOWERS.

A VERY interesting duty where gardening is seriously undertaken is the growing of biennial and perennial flowers from seed—Canterbury Bells, Foxgloves, Primroses, Polyanthuses, Evening Primroses, Snapdragons, Honesty, and Wallflowers. Those named are true biennials, and seed sown at once will result in seedlings which,



Copyright

ORIGINAL ENTRANCE DOOR IN COURTYARD.

"C.L."

when of sufficient size, must be planted in the places they are to flower in before late autumn. Flowers will then be forthcoming next year. The Canterbury Bell, which we are enjoying just now in the garden, is one of the showiest and most easily raised of all biennials. When a good selection has been made without the coarse, ugly, and entirely unsatisfactory cup and saucer shaped flowers, it is safe to plant freely, in groups in the border, and wherever the flowers are likely to agree with their surroundings. The white variety is very beautiful, but all the colours are good when pure, such as pink, rose, blue, both light and dark, peach, and salmon. Sow the seed outdoors in a carefully-made bed, over which a hand-light can be put, or in boxes in a cold frame. All depends upon space and circumstances. When the seed is choice make the sowing under glass, as then the young plants are under better control. A host of things may be sown, not only plants for the border, but also for the rock and wall gardens, and sowing seeds is less expensive than buying plants. Writing of Snapdragons reminds us of a dry wall covered with the pure white and deep crimson forms. It is a pretty picture, and cost but a few pence. It has been a strange season, but at the moment of writing Roses and other plants seem to be recovering.



Copyright

YANWATH: THE DOOR FROM THE INSIDE.

"C.L."

Probably the autumn will bring a rich reward, and we anticipate Rose flowers of exceptional colouring and substance, as the hot sun is ripening the growths. More than ever this season should our repeated advice of not allowing flowers to mature seed be taken heed of, unless, of course, seed is desired. Sweet Peas and Poppies seed abundantly and quickly, and the strain of the double burden is soon apparent. This is the time to plant and transplant German Prises. It may appear a strange time to many, but the roots are now active, and quickly take a firm hold of the soil.

THE DOUBLE PINK BRAMBLE IN JULY.

A reader writes: "The number of good hardy shrubs that bloom during the latter part of July, and even after that month, is very small, and among those few some suffer too much from drought—at least in many districts—to be seen at their best. One, however, that does not mind the dry weather is the double pink Bramble, known sometimes as *Rubus bellidiflorus* and also as *Rubus fruticosus roseo-plena*. The flowers of this, which are very freely produced, consist of a large number of closely-packed narrow petals, after the manner of some of the double Daisies, and on this account it has been given the name of *Bellidiflorus*. Being simply a Bramble, it could not, of course, be planted in a highly cultivated spot, still there are places in most gardens where it would look well. Its rambling growth commends it for many purposes, while an isolated specimen can be easily formed by, in the first place, securing the principal branches to a few stout sticks and then allowing the shoots to grow at will. In this way they form a tangled shrub-like mass. There is a white-flowered Bramble with half-double flowers, but it is quite distinct from the double pink. The way to increase these Brambles is by layering the tip of a shoot, which will soon root and form a plant. When sufficiently rooted it can be removed."

PROPAGATING THE CARNATION.—SEEDLING CARNATIONS.

The flower of the month is the Carnation, and it is also the month when layering of the unflowered shoots must be done for increase of stock. When this work is managed with care the flowers are not damaged in any way, and late layering means that the new plants do not get established before the first frost tells us that growth is over for the year. If the bed of seedlings is in bloom, reject all varieties that burst their calyx unless the colour is exceptional, because a ragged Carnation flower is not pretty. It is very interesting to watch the seedlings open. Some prize may be in store, but whether this be so or not, the flowers may be cut for decorations. Before layering remove the soil to the depth of two inches around the plant, and fill

up with a prepared compost of loam, leaf-mould, and sharp silver sand. Then bend down the shoot to be layered, first making an upward cut through a joint with a sharp knife. Carefully peg this portion into the prepared soil, water gently, and in three weeks or a month roots will have formed. When it is considered safe to do so, remove the rooted layers to the bed or border where they are to remain. Of all the pests that attack Carnations none is more violent than wireworm. We have known a plantation of the silvery tufts disappear in a few weeks; so ascertain beforehand whether the soil is wireworm-infested, and, if so, adopt the usual methods so frequently advised in these notes.

SOME BEAUTIFUL NEW PLANTS—CONTINUED.

Delphinium the Rev. W. Wilks.—We are always pleased to chronicle a fresh success by our friends Messrs. Kelway of Langport, who have accomplished so much for the Delphinium, Paony and many other garden flowers. This Delphinium, named after the excellent secretary of the Royal Horticultural Society, the Rev. W. Wilks, is single and intense purple, a variety of fine proportions in all ways, and one to make a large group of in the border or wherever one chooses to plant the perennial Larkspur.

The Iceland Poppy.—The well-known firm of Messrs. Storrie and Storrie of Dundee had at the Holland House Show a collection of varieties of the Iceland Poppy (*Papaver nudicaule*), which received a special award for its beauty of colouring and gracefulness. It would have been difficult to discover a colour not represented, the shades comprising cream, through soft yellow to orange and orange-scarlet. The Iceland Poppies have the merit of lasting longer when gathered than the Shirley forms, and may be used for decoration without unpleasant effects. The heavy opium scent of most Poppies makes their presence in rooms impossible. It is not generally known that the best way to grow the Iceland Poppy is as an annual, and to sow the seed both in autumn and spring to secure a long succession. The seedlings from the autumn-sown seed will flower in spring and meet those from the sowing made at the usual season. The seed may be sown either in the open border, or, what is better, in a cold frame, from whence the little tufts may go to the places they are intended to adorn. We have found the cold frame best, though many will disagree with this method, as Poppies generally transplant badly. The Iceland form is, however, better in this respect than the others. When regarded as a perennial, it is of the first importance to pick off decaying flowers to prevent seed from forming.

A Wonderful Rose.—The name of a Rose, awkward though it be, will be heard in every garden if we mistake not; this name is *Rosa rugosa repens* alba, which, for the sake of brevity, we may call a creeping white Japanese hybrid, as it is unquestionably a chance cross between the Japanese Rose and the form *wichuraiana*. This cross occurred, we believe, in the nursery of Messrs. Paul and Son of Cheshunt. A mass of it 160ft. square was in bloom, every leaf hidden with the covering of large starry flowers of snowy purity. Those who know the two Roses from whence this hybrid originated need not be told that this beautiful white carpet over the earth was a revelation and a delight. We have a place already marked for it in the garden; it is a grassy bank where the vigorous shoots will have plenty of space to spread on all sides.

Rose Yonne Gravier.—We also noticed at a recent show a vaseful of this little-known Rose. It is not an exhibition variety, because, as the exhibitor says, it has no "substance," but this simply means that the flower has petals that fall gracefully over and sometimes disclose the yellow centre. The flower is as beautiful as Killarney, with even larger and sweeter petals and white touched with soft pink. It grows strongly and blooms abundantly. We recently cut stems with six open flowers, and in a cool room they lasted two days. It is more necessary even to cut the thin-textured and half-double Roses in the cool of the evening or early morning than the very full blooms.

BEAUTIFUL GRASSES.

There are many beautiful Grasses which are rarely heard of, but that are quite as worthy of a place in English gardens as perennial flowers. As this is the time to sow, we may well draw attention to the following:

Agrostis nebulosa is one of the lightest and most graceful of all Grasses, and easily grown. It is sown in autumn or spring. The height in bloom is 1½ft. The other variety, *Agrostis pulchella*, is dwarfier; it is valuable in bouquet-making and for drying for winter decoration. It is hardy, and blooms in July and August. Height 1ft. if sown in autumn, shorter if sown in spring.

Avena sterilis (the Animated Oat) is a very beautiful Grass with drooping panicles of large spikelets. These, when ripe and dried will, if placed upon the warm hand, often move by the contraction of the hairs by which they are covered, hence the name. Sow in autumn. Height, 2ft.

Briza gracilis and *Briza maxima* (the Quaking Grasses) are extremely handsome and of great value in dried winter bouquets. They are annuals 1½ft. high.

Coix lachryma (Job's Tears) derives its name from its peculiar grey pearly seeds, which hang in clusters out of the sheaths. The foliage is thick and massive. It is an annual, 2ft. to 3ft. high. Sow in heat during March.

Lagurus ovalis (Hare's-tail Grass).—A beautiful hardy annual, with white downy tufts on stems, 1ft. to 1½ft. high. It is useful for bouquet work.

Lamarkia aurea.—An annual with pretty drooping panicles, assuming when mature a beautiful golden colour, about 9in. high.

Panicum variegatum and *Eragrostis elegans* or *Panicum capillaceum*, are decidedly handsome Grasses. The former is a trailing kind adapted for pot work; the leaves, about 2in. long, are elegantly striped with pink and white. The latter is a strong-growing hardy annual with broad foliage. The

panicles of flower are much branched and of a rich purplish colour. Sow out of doors in May. When once sown it will reproduce itself. It is useful for bouquets, etc.

Pennisetum longistylum is one of the most elegant of the Gramineæ. It is a hardy annual, about 2ft. in height, with arched leaves and graceful plume-like spikes. In light loamy soil its growth is very rapid; it is ornamental either alone or in groups. Sow in heat in March or April and prick out in May, 1ft. or 2ft. apart. It requires mulching in winter.

UPON THE OGWEN RIVER.

THESE pictures of happy children taking their pleasure on the banks of two rivers of Carnarvonshire, flood my middle-aged mind with memories of youth. "Myself when young," to quote Omar, "did eagerly frequent" not indeed "Master and Saint," but the sides of the two rivers by which these children are playing. They are the Ogwen, which is more or less known to fame, since it has a fairly long course, and a mountain-girt lake is named after it (unless indeed the river be named after the lake), and the Kegin. Of the two the Ogwen is the more romantic. It starts for practical purposes from Ogwen Lake, gleaming or lashed into fury beneath the Glyders and the Carnedd's, as the case may be; and many a time have I fished in that lake with poor results, for the fishing is free, and the fish are wary in the extreme; in fact, there are few stretches of water which feel the casting line more frequently than Ogwen, unless it be that burn in Scotland the privilege of which was once accorded to me, as a mark of special esteem by its owner, who did not fish. There the marks of feet were plain by the water-side, and the grass was worn away, although it was no place for a promenade, and an innocent native whom I encountered after fishing up the burn in despair "obsairved" that it was "sair fushed." So is Ogwen, but one can get the trout out on occasion, though a recent writer claims that they know every fly sold or made in the district, and if they are of small size, they are red-fleshed and toothsome. Hard by is the gloomy and desolate Llyn Idwal, dominated by the Devil's Kitchen, on which full many a time and oft I have thrown my flies in vain, always in the boyish faith that if one did hook a fish, he would surely be a thumper, and one-eyed. So the legend ran, and one believed it then; but age takes away half the pleasure of life by destroying boyish beliefs.

From the lake the river tumbles, leaps, and boils down the pass of Nant Ffrangcon, the valley of the Beavers, through some



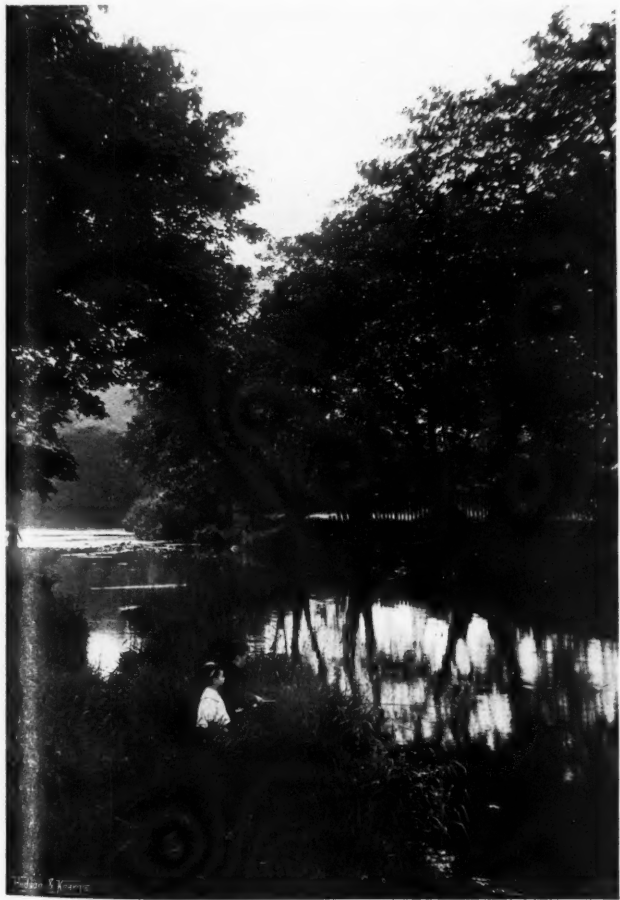
A. Clarke.

THE YOUNG PISCATOR.

Copyright

of the most rugged scenery in Wales; but of course never a beaver has built his dam there within the memory of man; and the only values the legendary place-name possesses are that it embalms a tradition of natural history, and that it provides with an idea those who seek distinctive names for their children, in a land where surnames are at a premium. There Mr. Ffrangcon Davies, the well-known singer, who was born at Bethesda (which is at the mouth of the pass) and was christened Ffrangcon, is better off than many another Davies or Jones or Thomas who has been doomed to make his own distinguishing name, and to borrow it from some place he had visited. I have known a Palestina Lewis, a Sydenham Jones, a Chili Williams, and I have seen and read of a Strand Jones. Ffrangcon is a better name than any of these, for it is racy of the rocky soil from which the tuneful singer comes. Moreover, memories of Mr. Ffrangcon Davies, as a sweet-voiced boy singer in days gone by, are closely associated with the Ogwen River in my memory.

On the river rushes to the end of the pass, washing the purple spoil-banks of the quarry, in which the intensely local parsley fern flourishes more abundantly than in any other place. Many a time have I torn it up by the roots, and much pains have been spent in coaxing it to grow, but with no success at all, save when it has been planted in a compost consisting of fully one-half of broken slate, and even then the success was not complete. It took longer to die than when planted in ordinary fern composts; that was all. Away in the quarries on the left bank could be heard the clinking of hammer on steel drill, the shivering crash of the shears as the laminated slates were cut into lengths, the boom of the blasts at stated intervals. There too, in later years, I saw the great talcen, or obelisk, of useless rock which had been left in the middle of the quarry, laid low with a charge of seven tons of blasting powder, bricked into a chamber, and great was the fall thereof. Moreover, from the summit of the collapsing mass flew two of the choughs which, I trust, still survive in small numbers



A. Clarke.

A LAUGHING SHALLOW.

Copyright



A. Clarke.

FISHING AT EASE.

Copyright

about the quarry; for never was a boy, worth calling a boy, of those parts who did not yearn to possess himself of an egg, and never one who succeeded. But by Ogwen I have taken the Dipper's egg, and many a score of times have seen the Dipper dash arrow-like up and down. At



A. Clarke.

AN ANXIOUS MOMENT.

Copyright

Ogwen Bank, the sacred summer house of the Penrhyn family, I have—horrible to relate—enjoyed a surreptitious bathe; but it was thirty years ago, and the offence is covered by prescription, as lawyers say. Hard by also I saw, about the same time, a *bona fide* wild cat that had been captured in the hills, and two kites, which had also been caught in some way. Others there may have been since, but I have not heard of them.

The Ogwen, however, was not a happy hunting ground. It was a noble river, of course, and it is so still, for the trees have grown but little and the banks are the same. Nay, even the water may be the same, having passed down into the straits, and up again into the clouds in the form of water, and down again as snow or rain or mist on to the cloud-attracting summits of the mountains. But there was always a drawback to the Ogwen in the shape of the keepers. Keepers are a necessity, of course; I appreciate them at their proper value now. As a boy I never minded them while I was away at school, for they could be circumvented or run away from, and they were rarely fleet of foot, although they had a Boer-like trick of lying in ambush. But near one's own home, in a sparsely populated district, it was another matter. "Velveteens" might not be able to run much, but he had eyes in his head, and he knew "that there dratted young Cygnus" quite well, and the Lord Penrhyn of those days knew the elders in charge of Cygnus, and so—not to enter into



A. Clarke.

BIRD'S-NEST AND ALL.

Copyright

painful and even smarting memories—the game of trespassing in pursuit of birds' nests proved not to be worth the candle. Nevertheless, a clandestine acquaintance with the son of Velveteens resulted in the acquisition of sundry eggs, especially of the minor birds of prey, which were a treasure.

But the Kegin was different, and I fancy some of my little friends along the river-side know, or soon will know, that as well as I did. It flowed past Bishop's Mill, with its title reminiscent of days when manors were manors, along a quiet valley where folks seldom seemed to come; and its banks were among the happiest hunting grounds of the birds'-nesting boy that I remember out of a youth largely devoted to birds'-nesting. As to the exact takings memory fails. They probably did not amount to much, from a scientific point of view, but they were the source of abundant enjoyment. The best I remember were another Dipper and a water-wagtail's nest. Common as Nancy Dish-washer is, and as her nest must be, one does not really see the nest so very often. But the birds'-nesting was not all. The Kegin fish were small, and it was often hard to reach the water with the minute *coch a bond ddu* or yellow dun which served the fly-fisher best. But in addition there was the perilous oy of night-lines, worm-baited and carefully secured to some overhanging bramble which should play the luckless fish until he was drowned. Truth to tell, we seldom caught anything by

these illegal means. If we did, it would be a trout of an ounce or so, or an eel too small to break the tackle, but active enough to twist it into a slimy and inextricable mess. But the joy was great. There was the careful survey of the landscape for watchers, the selection of a likely spot (for your night-liner must know the habits of fish and the habits of men too) and the stealthy examination of the lines on some subsequent day. Sometimes one forgot them altogether, and it may be that one of mine—it was a gimped hook fastened on to a hazel root—may be there now with the skeleton of an eel hanging on to it. Those were, indeed, the days beyond recalling, the truly golden days. May these boys and girls enjoy them as heartily in their turn.

CYGNUS.

THE LONELY MOATED GRANGE.

THIS picture fits so exactly Tennyson's lines, except as regards such mere details as the roof material and so forth, that we simply print the famous description above it:

"With blackest moss the flower-plots
Were thickly crusted, one and all;
The rusted nails fell from the knots
That held the pear to the gable-wall.
The broken sheds look'd sad and strange:
Unlifted was the clinking latch;
Weeded and worn the ancient thatch
Upon the lonely moated grange."



W. A. J. Hensler.

HINDRINGHAM OLD HALL.

Copyright

AILEEN THE HAPPY.

(THE SOUL OF A STORY.)

THIS is not a story of old, nor of one who lived in the gloaming of nearer times, but of one who, yesterday, moved in youth and had beauty and every excellence of fortune. It is not a story, in truth: it is a memory and a speculation. She was thought by all to be happy, to be of the crowned with joy. To every desirable thing she brought health and youth, a winged mind and a brave spirit. Fortune had given her greatness as the world estimates greatness, so that what she had of her own became enhanced in the eyes of most who regarded her with a more or less envious admiration.

She was little more than a girl when she was married, and though that great event in her life had not come with flame or with the silver flutes of romance, it had come bringing with it gladness, and an eager wonder, and a certain proud serenity.

One day many things fell away from her, or became unreal. A friend had said to her: "You cannot understand the thing I speak of, because you have all happiness and all fortune, and above all because you have no sorrow."

She had said that surely this life was enough: why did the mind crave so passionately for more life, for continued life, for life to be taken up again? It troubled her. Thought was meshed in a net of dreams. Had she put her hand secretly upon

sorrow, she wondered. She remembered an old tale of a mother, young too, and beautiful, who had all things of desire, and yet never saw the white flame of her own desire: to whom treasures of the world were as dust by the highway, blossom on the grass, foam on the shore. Her child had deepened her happiness: with her husband's heart, hers was at peace: but below her gladness in life lay an incalculable sorrow, as below her beauty lay the enchantment of a beauty greater than hers. "You have all things," said those who loved her: and one added, "You of all people must long to live again, to taste life anew."

To live again . . . to taste life anew . . . Aileen wondered. Did she? No: in that thought her soul shook like a flame in wind. Could she not love Beauty, and yet be no bondager, reflect it and yet be free of it, as a small pool reflects the mysterious march of the stars?

It was a revelation to her that she had, unaware, nourished a pain that was with her every day, as the shadow of a mountain over a lake will lie in that lake from dawn to dayset, though wind and sunlight weave traceries there from hour to hour.

And this pain . . . it was an irremediable loneliness. She suffered the more because this flower-of-shadow was unguessed by others. She strove to overcome, to ignore, to hide this phantom, which so often came on the breath of a rose or the

vibration of a lovely sound, unexpectedly, subtly, as though wilfully clothing itself in the extreme essence of beautiful things, finding even the most delicate beauty too obvious.

Loneliness sat in her heart, while all the joys of life invited her to their festival, and crowned her their queen. Crowned, she smiled; at the daily festival she was often glad; but the dweller in the heart whispered.

One day she knew that Fear had been born in her heart, and was a watcher there beside the other dweller. This fear was of life. It was the fear that life might not, after all, be laid away with the suspended breath. It was the fear of immortality. No, she thought, not that perhaps. She did not know. It was not the vague immortal life she feared: the "future" so long taught as a surety and outheld as a goal. It was the fear that life might have to be taken up again, here: that the soul had lives to go through, as in the old tale, the King of Ireland's son had to live and die in the seven kingdoms of his inheritance before he should at last be free and let forth to be a wandering beggar, with hunger and thirst and weariness on his way, and with the lost fire lit in his heart, and with peace in him like a light shining out of a tower built among the tumult of waters. For the soul has little concern in our happiness or unhappiness. That silent watcher has her own inexplicable sorrow and her own

inexplicable joy. All the rest is the accident of circumstance, and we may be happy and fortunate, and yet inwardly bow down before "veiled Melancholy" and entranced Sorrow; as we may have ills and misfortunes and gathered griefs, and yet inwardly rejoice with the strong pulse of life and the inextinguishable hope of the passion to be taken up again and lived anew.

Aileen the Happy lived with this loneliness and this fear till at last that which was mortal could no longer endure the ceaseless presence of these watchers. And so one day they went; and for one hour, in leaving all, she felt the pang of happiness.

And I wonder . . . I wonder . . . how often I have wondered if so beautiful and vivid a soul could really pass and be as dust upon the wind that is blown now this way and now that, and in the end is gathered to the wilderness of lifeless things. For there is an old wisdom, that what the soul itself desires that it shall surely have. And among the people to whom Aileen belonged there is a mysterious saying, "It is not everyone, happy or unhappy, or good or bad, who has a living soul." But is there any wave upon the sea or leaf before the wind more feeble than the will?—or who is to know that behind the broken will there is not a heroic spirit upon whom has fallen the mystery of untimely sleep?

FIONA MACLEOD.

LETTERS FROM SOMALILAND.

By MRS. ALAN GARDNER.

THE next day's march up the pass ended in a storm of rain which quite demoralised our people. They sat about like torpid flies, and, no doubt, with hardly any clothes, must feel the cold badly. Even we could hardly keep ourselves warm in the tents. To-night there was none of the usual singing, no praying, no drilling. It was with difficulty that Yusuf roused them up to build the zeriba, although it was a likely place and night for a lion. Our servants were an exception, but they are better clad and accustomed to camp life. It was wonderful how they managed in the pouring rain to cook us a really excellent dinner. The mutton was roasted under the shelter of an umbrella, but how the pudding was made is a mystery I thought it better not to enquire into.

One of the camel men has lately distinguished himself by assisting the servants, and Hamet is so pleased with his zeal that he has been promoted to be a sort of under-footman. He is the most extraordinary-looking creature, exactly like the Gollywog in children's picture books, and he now goes by that name. His costume is a long bright-patterned tartan nightshirt, over which he wears a short white frock. No turban, but his fuzzy black hair frizzed out round his head like a halo. The Gollywog's idea of waiting at table is to hand the first thing he can lay hold of—

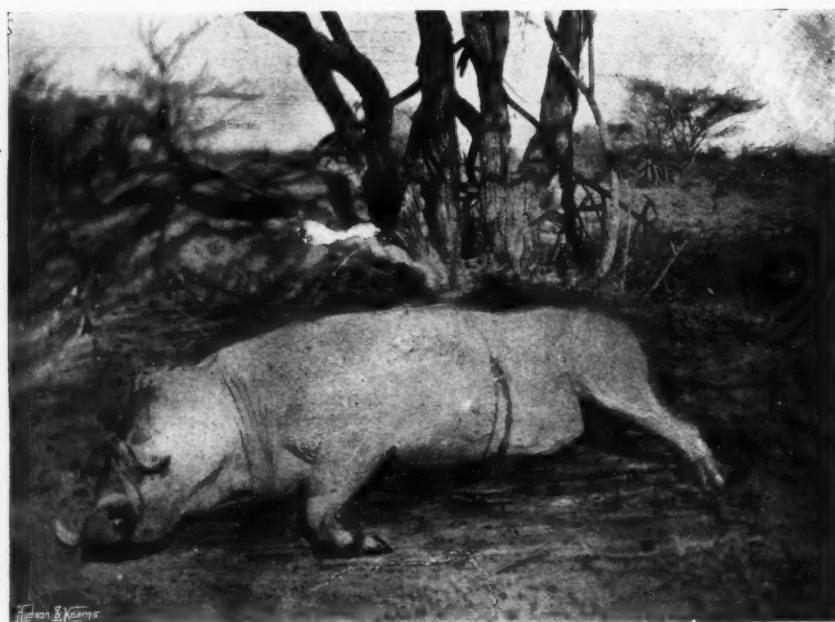


INSIDE THE ZERIBA.

pepper, sugar, salt, or jam: it does not matter, so that he can help us before Hamet has anything ready.

The next day was even wetter and colder—the sort of day one would like to sit over the schoolroom fire and make toffee. Alan was out all day after a big koodoo, but lost him in the mist, for we are high up here, and quite in the clouds during this bad weather. We gave the men a couple of sheep to-night to cheer them up, and the remarkably tough mutton was certainly a wonderful tonic.

The next day was finer, and we marched to the south of Gan Liban, the peak of which towers above us. On the way we shot two wart hogs, one a particularly big boar. Alan wished to keep the tusks, but, of course, none of the Somalis would touch the unclean animal. At last a bribe of two rupees induced the Midgan woman to chop the tusks out with a hatchet. Even then she would not touch them, and with the help of two sticks, which she used like a pair of tongs, put them on a camel. Then there was a long dispute about the hatchet. No one would touch it; it had been defiled. Of course this was pure affectation and playing to the gallery on the ayah's part. At home with her native tribe she would have gorged all the pig she could get. But she flattered the Somalis, and we marched off, the ayah holding the hatchet at arm's length, as if it was going to bite her. Late in the evening we came on a large herd of aqual.



AN UNCLEAN BEAST.



A SPLENDID TROPHY.

These are antelopes, rather bigger than goats, very gregarious in habit, and generally found in herds of several hundreds. We wanted meat; so after a walk round, and a short stalk, Alan shot three bucks. He first picked out the biggest buck of the herd, and got, what we believe to be, a record pair of horns—19½ in. long.

To-night was warm again, with a full moon as bright as day, and the men began to smarten themselves up and attend to their toilet. This chiefly consists of rubbing themselves over with a coat of grease, and lumps of mutton fat from last night's feast had evidently been reserved for this purpose. These nomadic tribes are very Biblical in their habits, and one remembers the Jewish prophet whose "face was shining with ointment." Considering the scantiness of their costume, the Somalis are great dandies, and give much care to their personal appearance. They are very fond of dyeing, or rather bleaching, their hair by plastering the head with a mixture of lime and water. This is left to dry on, till the hair looks like the curls of a stone statue. After a day or two the dry lime is rubbed off, and the hair comes out bleached to a kind of ginger-bread yellow, which is considered very becoming. But as the hair grows the black roots show again, and give them a ridiculous magpie appearance. The Gollywog, who is nothing if not original, tried a new style of adornment. When he appeared at breakfast we were shocked to see his beautiful halo shaved clean off, and nothing left but a bald black cranium, on which was cocked the smallest of skull-caps.

We made a double march the next day, going from 6 a.m. till noon, then resting for a couple of hours, and pushing on again till dark. As we can only carry a certain amount of water on the camels, it is necessary to make forced marches till we get out of the waterless zone. We shot two aoud and a gazelle on the way. The men want the meat, but it is very tough and tasteless, and we only appropriate the liver and kidneys. To-day, we did not even get that, for as the butcher was dressing the carcase, a large kite swooped down and carried these tit-bits away.

This morning I was awakened by an oryx's head being thrust through the door of the tent. It was Hirs, the head-shikari, who had found a dead oryx close by—killed by a panther during the night. Alan had gone out with the second shikari at daybreak to shoot oryx, a beautiful black and white antelope

about fifteen hands high, with long rapier-like horns on its head. He shot two very fine bulls, and came back for luncheon, as he was very anxious to hear if Hirs had got any more news of two lions said to be in the neighbourhood.

The lions are now reported to be in the vicinity of Dongari, about twelve miles from here, so we marched there this afternoon. In the evening we struck the river again, and found a lot of people watering sheep at the pools in the dried-up bed. There were several zeribas in the neighbourhood, and all had stories of their cattle killed by lions. Man after man rushed up to us with news, exclaiming in excited tones that one of their camels had been killed last night. Two camels! a camel and a cow! a camel and a goat! By two lions, said another. By three lions, asserted a third. Yusuf, Hamet, the Gollywog, and every one who was master of three words of English or Hindustani poured his own version into our ears. Hirs went off to investigate, and just before dark returned to report that two lions were about, and had killed a camel two days ago, and a cow last night. Alan decided the news was good enough, and sent the men to make a zeriba near the last kill. After a hasty dinner he went off with the two shikaris. Meanwhile crowds of visitors in the wildest excitement continued to pour into the camp whilst Cann and I were having our lonely little dinner. The noise went on all night, and the ayah begged permission to go to the men's camp, as she was much frightened.

At the first streak of day Hamet came to my tent to tell me that a lion had nearly killed a camel during the night, and that the noise we had heard was the shouts of the people in a neighbouring zeriba trying to drive the lion away. This had happened about ten o'clock last night, but fearing to alarm us, they did not wake us up. "There were three lions," Hamet said, and they were wandering round us all last night. "When memsahib come out, she see the tracks of lion just outside her tent." Which I did shortly afterwards.

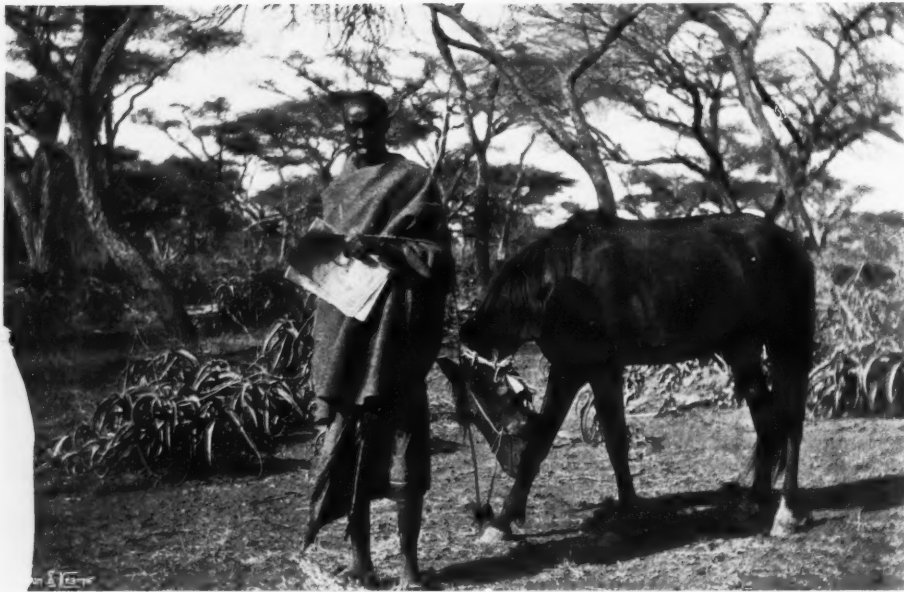
I had hardly finished dressing when we heard the gallop of horses in the distance, and rushed out of the tent in time to see four Somalis coming up at a furious pace on steaming ponies, which they pulled up on their haunches just at the entrance to our camp. There had been a little quiet during the early morning, but in a second we had a crowd clustering round us, humming and buzzing like a swarm of bees. "The sahib had shot big lion; gone off to track another. He want more cartridges and plenty of cheroots to smoke." The latter rather surprised me, as Alan never smokes in the morning. However, a box of his best Havannahs was given them, and later on we found all the shikaris and beaters seated in a circle, sampling Alan's choicest cigars and enjoying a friendly smoke. "Sahib always give cigars when lion shot," was their only attempt at an excuse.

Directly my pony was saddled I started with the men, hoping to catch up Alan before the other lion was shot. Meanwhile there was an incessant chatter. "Two lions, two very



ABOUT TO FACE THE DESERT.

big lions, memsahib!" shouted Hamet. "Two lions, two very big lions!" chorussed the crowd. "One shot between the eyes, between the eyes!" all shouted together. In a few seconds we had my rifles out, and, taking breakfast for Alan, we were off at a gallop—the only pace a Somali goes, when anyone is looking. We must have been a quaint sight. My escort of half-naked savages were armed to the teeth with spears



ONE OF OUR ATTENDANTS.

and shields and swords, clubs, sticks, and whips hanging from every point, their white ponies covered with bright-coloured housings, and decorated with tassels and braids.

Soon we plunged into the thick jungle. The pace, to appearance terrific, was very like the gallop of Fire Brigade horses—very fierce to look at, in reality only a quick canter. At each zeriba, several of which we passed—and I have reason to believe we made more than one detour to do so—as we came in sight, my guides began their wild war-song, and all the inhabitants rushed out to greet us, the women crowding round me to examine my dress and boots. Except for these interruptions, we cantered on in silence, broken by occasional shouts of "Two lions!" "Two very big lions!"

Presently, not far off, we saw the carrion-birds—sure sign of a dead beast nigh. And at the same moment Yusuf rode up, carrying the head and skin of a lion across his saddle. He took me up to the body, but for the moment I could see nothing but a creeping mass of bald-headed vultures, who, completely satiated and too full to fly, waddled slowly aside, and disclosed the skeleton of the dead lion, with horribly prominent bare ribs. The carcass had only been skinned about an hour, but it was already picked clean to the bones. When we caught Alan up, we found he had kept the second lion unskinned, so that I might take a photograph.



MOUNTED SOMALIS.

The shikaris are mad with excitement. They say it is a very fine lion, with an extraordinary head and mane, and that it was a wonderful shot that killed him, the hole between the eyes being the only mark on the skin.

A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

AN addition to the growing mass of Stevensoniana has been made in the shape of a little book called *Memories of Vailima*, by Isobel Strong and Lloyd Osbourne (Constable). It consists of five chapters, of which the first contains four short poems by Stevenson. We quote the last of them:

"Push gaily on, strong heart! The while
You travel forward mile by mile,
He loiters with a backward smile
Till you can overtake,
And strains his eyes, to search his wake,
Or whistling, as he sees you through the brake,
Waits on a stile."

Chapter II. is a little account of Vailima table talk by Mrs. Strong, who says that in 1892 she began keeping a journal,



THE GOLLYWOG.

putting down from time to time bits of Mr. Stevenson's conversation, characteristic sentences, and stories. It were greatly to be desired either that she had kept a larger note-book or used her discrimination to more purpose. It does not seem very important for us to know that "he dictates with great earnestness, and when particularly interested, unconsciously acts the part of his characters. When he came to the description of the supper Anne has with Flora and Ronald, he bowed as he dictated the hero's speeches and twirled his moustache. When he described the interview between the old lady and the drover, he spoke in a high voice for the one, and a deep growl for the other, and all in broad Scotch, even to 'coma' (comma)." On another occasion she tells that she was reading the "Merry Men," and Stevenson asked her to do so aloud. At the finish:

"'Well,' he said, 'it is not cheerful; it is distinctly not cheerful!'"

"'In these stories,' I asked, 'do you preach a moral?'"

"'Oh, not mine,' he said. 'What I want to give, what I try for, is God's moral!'"

"'Could you not give God's moral in a pretty story?' I asked,

"It is a very difficult thing to know," he said; "it is a thing I have often thought over—the problem of what to do with one's talents." He said he thought his own gift lay in the grim and terrible—that some writers touch the heart, he clutched at the throat. I said I thought Providence and the guitar a very pretty story, full of sweetness and the milk of human kindness.

"But it is not so sweet as Markheim is grim. There I feel myself strong."

"At least," I said, "you have no mannerisms."

He took the book out of my hand and read, "it was a wonderful clear night of stars." "Oh," he said, "how many, many times I have written 'a wonderful clear night of stars!'"

"But I maintained that this, in itself, was a good sentence, and presented a picture to the mind. 'It is the mannerisms of the author who can't say 'says he' and 'says she' that I object to; whose characters hiss and thunder and ejaculate and syllable."

"Oh, my dear," he said, "deal gently with me—I once fluted!"

This quotation nearly gives all that Mrs. Strong has to say about the literary conversation of Mr. Stevenson. She tells that he was very fond of jewels, and that he had three topaz rings, or topaz is the stone of his birth month, November; and she also tells that she got into moods when "he pulls out hairpins, angles his mother's wool, and interferes with whatever his womenkind are engaged upon."

The following fragment of conversation at table is interesting chiefly because it shows what most of us guessed before—that Stevenson was something of a *poseur*, and did not pay much attention to Milton's dictum to the effect that he who would write an epic must live an epic.

PALEMA: "It is the best thing on life that has been written this age."

LOUIS: "Rather remarkable how little stock I take in it myself."

PALEMA: "If you had stood by your words, I would have gone down on my knees to you. But how did you come to write what you don't believe?"

LOUIS: "Well, I was at that age when you begin to look about and wonder if you should live your life."

PALEMA: "To be or not to be?"

LOUIS: "Exactly. Everything is temperament. Well, I did the other fellow's temperament—held a brief on the other side—to see how it looked."

PALEMA: "Mighty well you did it too."

LOUIS: "No doubt better than I should have done on my own side!"

The following bit of verse was written by Stevenson in the flyleaf of "Memories and Portraits," and is as interesting as anything in the book:

"Much of my soul is here interred,
My very past and mind;
Who listens nearly to the printed word
May hear the heart behind."

The third chapter is a description of home life at Vailima by Lloyd Osbourne, which does not contain anything very remarkable, and the fourth chapter is on "Pola," by Isobella Strong. The following quotation will tell who Pola was:

"Who are you?" I asked in the native language.

"I am your son," was the surprising reply.

"And what is your name?"

"Pola," he said. "Pola of Tanugamanono, and my mother is the white chief lady, Teuila of Vailima."

"He was a beautiful creature, of an even tint of light bronze brown; his slender body reflected the polish of scented cocoanut oil; the tiny garment he called his lava lava, fastened at the waist, was coquettishly kilted above one knee. He wore a necklace of scarlet berries across his shoulders, and a bright red hibiscus flower stuck behind his ear. On his cheek a single roseleaf hid the dimple."

And the final chapter is one on Samoan songs. It will be seen that the book, though containing much that will interest lovers of Stevenson's writings, carries a certain taint of book-making with it; a little more, and it would approach perilously near to what the author, when still in the "warm precincts of the cheerful day," used indignantly to call "body-snatching."

HUNGARIAN WHITE CATTLE.

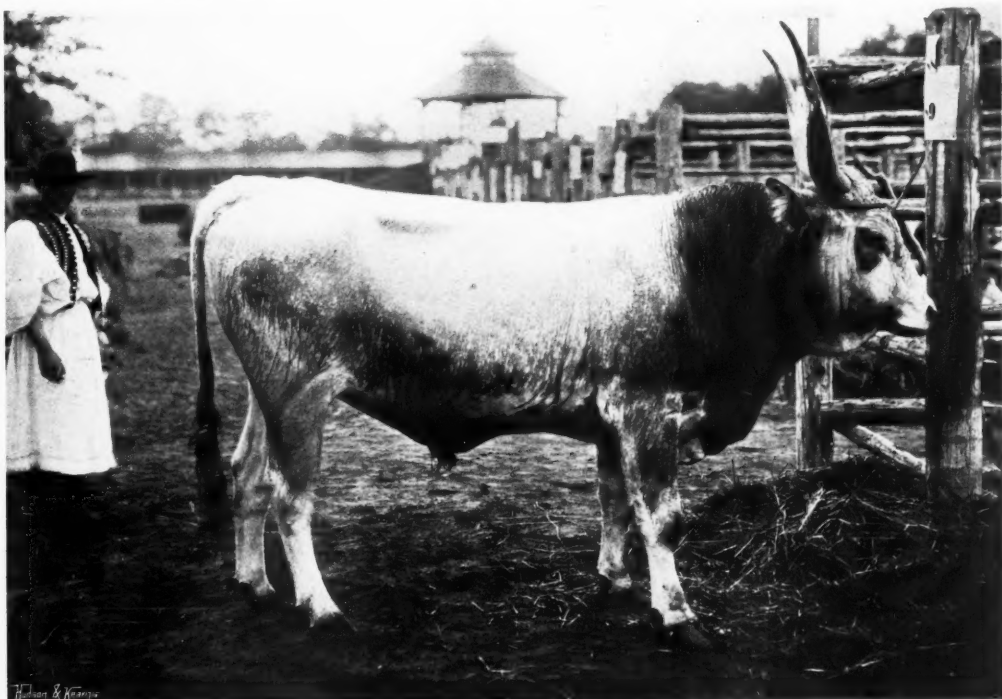
VARIOUS breeds of white long-horned cattle have been commonly noted by travellers as one of the distinguishing features of South-Eastern Europe. The two best known of these are the Italian and the Hungarian, and Englishmen, as a rule, seem to know less about the latter than the former. It is an open question,

we believe, whether the white breeds common to Italy to-day are descendants from an indigenous breed or from animals that had been introduced in the Roman period. Without expressing any definite opinion on the matter, we may, however, note the fact that the great source of supply for white cattle, even in Roman days, was the region that is represented to-day by Hungary as its centre. It can, therefore, be safely stated that Hungarian cattle are an indigenous race.

This white breed is not confined to Hungary, for it is to be found in Roumania, Transylvania, Moldavia, Bessarabia, Galicia, etc. The Podolian cattle are also white, and perhaps shorter in the legs and deeper in the body than the Hungarian cattle of the plains, while their horns are also shorter and thicker; but Podolian cattle come originally from a Galician race, the present Podolian being regarded as the result of a crossing of the Hungarian with an ancient race in Galicia.

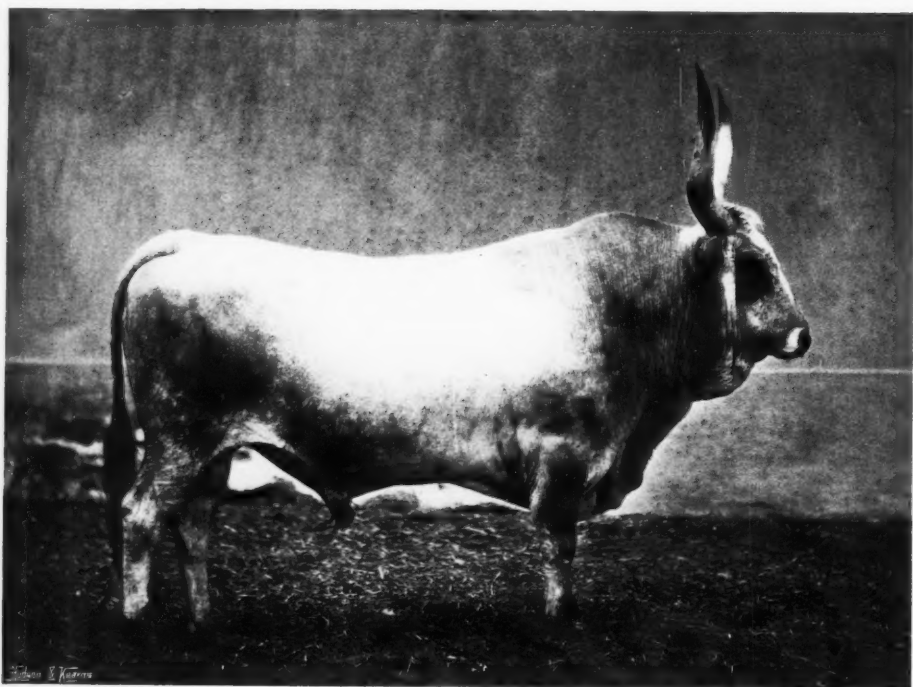
The Transylvanian cattle are also smaller than the Hungarian, due to their being a mountain breed, but they are generally regarded as pure Hungarian. In fact, Hungarian authorities recognise only two breeds, viz., that of the great plains and that of the mountains, thus following in their classification the natural division of the country in respect to climate, etc., into wild mountainous districts and the plains, great and small. The various races that people Hungary have also had,

we believe, a marked influence on its cattle, for the Hungarians of the plains, the Slavs, and the Roumanians, which are the chief races, all have a predilection for cattle-breeding. Many of the Roumanians to-day in Hungary still lead a nomadic life, and among the Slavs the old patriarchal family community is still in vogue.



BIGE HUNGARIAN BULL.

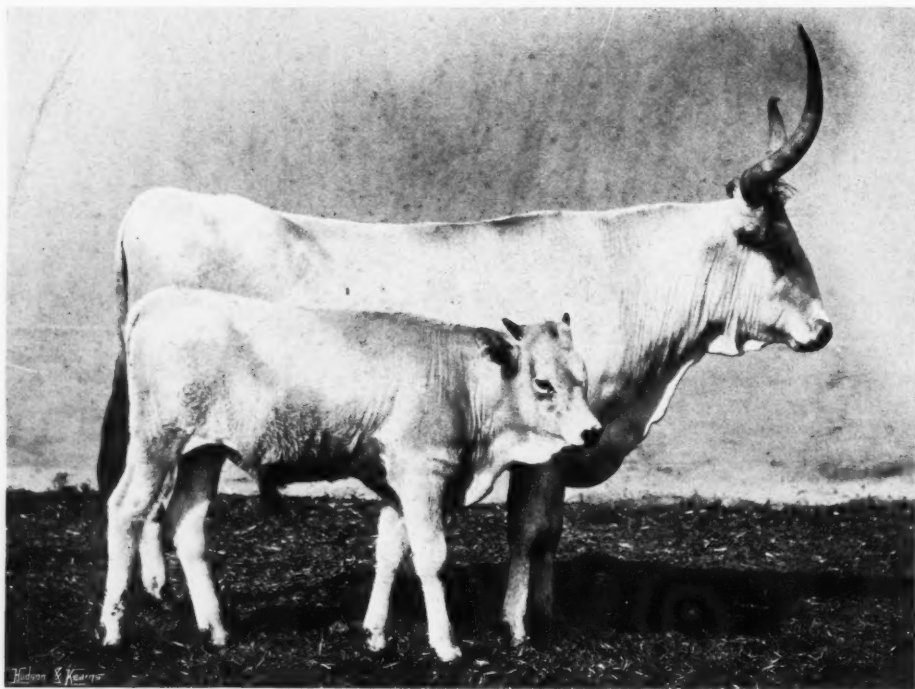
Hungarian cattle have the same colour and points as the English wild white cattle. The colour, nominally white, is really a light yellowish grey. The ears are dark inside, muzzle and feet black. The horns of the Hungarian breed are long and wide-spreading, tipped with black, but carried uprightly. The Transylvanian ox has more spreading horns than the Hungarian, while in the Podolian breed the horns are black, well turned up, and not extra long. In the Austro-Hungarian



HUNGARIAN BULL SEVEN YEARS OLD.



A TEAM OF HUNGARIAN OXEN.



HUNGARIAN COW EIGHT YEARS OLD, CALF THREE MONTHS.

Empire about nine distinct races and twenty-two breeds of cattle are at present recognised, and about six of these are white or light yellowish grey in colour; but only two of them—the Hungarian and Podolian breeds—are regarded as pure representatives of the original type. These white breeds are especially useful for drawing the yoke, but practically useless for milking. There is, however, a peculiar Hungarian class, Bonyhád, which is said to be useful both for yoke and dairy purposes, but it is a purely local variety being found in two countries only.

The general build of Hungarian cattle is hairy and massive, resembling, perhaps, our Herefords more than any other British breed. They are big-boned cattle, standing on large feet, and they, of course, vary in size according to the districts from whence they come, whether the rich or poor. Their spreading horns are carried on light-formed heads, and in this particular they resemble to some extent our Kyloes or West Highlanders.

Last year the Essex farmers who visited the State farm or domain of Mezöhegyes noted, according to the published account of their wanderings, a team of Hungarian oxen here which stood over seventeen hands high, each animal weighing over one ton, and carrying horns that were over six feet from tip to tip; but this, we may add, is often exceeded. On another occasion teams of oxen were noticed, shod for road work, the majority of whom measured sixteen hands high.

Hungarian cattle do all the draught work that is to be done; ploughing is done with oxen, waggons are drawn by them, and, in fact, teams of four oxen do all the farm and general draught work that we do with horses. On farms they begin to work these cattle when three or four years old, but the peasants use them even at an earlier age. The oxen are controlled by the drivers by word of mouth, and often are fattened up for the butcher, after having been worked for two or three years. The best beef in the Vienna market, however, is that of the Podolian breed. Though animals which have not been used for labour do fetch a higher price than the others, yet animals, as a rule, are not fed for the butcher as is so common with us. The consumer in Austro-Hungary certainly likes matured beef, and in the end the farmer finds that it is less remunerative to fatten animals which have not been put at all to labour, though they may fetch a higher price.

Restricting ourselves to alföld cattle, or the breed of the great plains, two points deserve special attention. The first is the prepotency of Hungarian cattle. This is generally acknowledged, and points to an ancient breed with a strong prepotency of transmission. The second point is that they are acknowledged to be able to resist disease better than our improved breeds, whether English or continental. In the opinion of the secretary of the Hungarian National Agricultural Society, the race can be described as strong, hardy, contented, and docile, and further, to use his own expression, "persistent against all pests."

Excepting those at labour, Hungarian cattle are generally in a semi-wild state, and live continually out of doors. The pusztá, or prairie

ranges, carry enormous herds, their food being pasture only, except in winter-time, when they get hay. The breeding animals, however, get some grain in addition. The cattle are looked after on the prairie by herdsmen, some of whom are horsemen, and practically act as Australian boundary riders, Hungary being, as a rule, a land devoid of fences. The calves are dropped under wild conditions, similar, at any rate, to those enjoyed by our park cattle, and it may be said that they show many similar traits. The young calves are stated to be yellowish, while those nearest white, according to Mr. T. S. Dymond's "Visit to Hungary," have a brown line down the neck and a fainter one down the back.

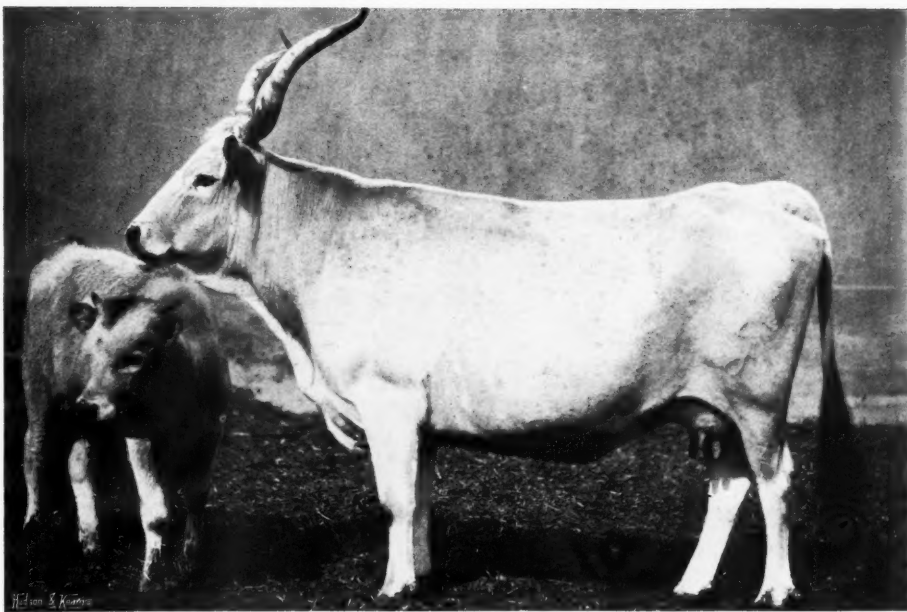
When between two to three years old, the young are brought off the ranges and broken to the yoke. Having on these plains to withstand the heat of summer and rigours of winter, these cattle become hardy, and the food they have naturally been accustomed to makes them most economical in their keep. When not working they will, for example, do well on a diet of maize-straw and chaff.

Cows of the Hungarian breed are, as has been already noted, poor milkers, so much so that the milk supply of the country is, to a large extent, obtained from animals of foreign dairy breeds, mostly Swiss or German. Hungarian cattle must, therefore, be regarded as draught oxen pure and simple, and though Hungary is a great horse-breeding country, still oxen are used alone for draught, and reared for that purpose, as being more economical in cost of food as compared with the horse, and having the advantage that they can be fattened after use. The East Indies and Africa are the regions in which we think Hungarian cattle could well be utilised. The points in favour of the breed are that they are reared under natural or semi-wild conditions, that their size, bulk, and strength make them good draught oxen, that they thrive well on very poor fare, and that they can resist disease better than other breeds.

R. HEDGER WALLACE.

WILD LIFE IN A TENT.

THE ubiquitous tourist thins out as one crosses the Pentland Firth, and may be more easily avoided. By the tourist, I mean the sightseer who forces his attention on the unwilling scene, and still remains a stranger wherever he goes; not the freeman of Nature, who is at home everywhere. Perhaps the best way to be alone is to take a tent. Then you may settle in the more unfrequented places. Besides, a tent is an ideal abode. In the sunshine it is a thing of beauty. The ripple in the



HUNGARIAN COW NINE YEARS AND CALF FOUR MONTHS.

night winds serves as lullaby, and makes one's dreams flow through the ivory gate.

THE ARCTIC TERN.

More interesting forms than the tourist thin out. The rare become familiar, and those which visit us—if at all, then only at uncertain intervals—are daily companions. The common tern drops behind; so, too, does the lesser tern. The Arctic tern appears, and increases, and dives in the shallows around the Orkney Islands, as the others do among the ripples of the East Coast. Only a practised eye can tell that a change has taken place, and, probably, it is less a new species than a variety of habit. A larger proportion of the eggs have an olive ground-colour. Eggs have a tendency to borrow the shade of the background, and the larger accumulation of seaweed on these northern coasts, some of which may be gathered into the slender structure of the nest, accounts for this. An Arctic tern, building on a sandy or shingly beach, apart from seaweed, will have eggs of the same ground shade as the common tern.

HOODED CROWS.

The carrion crow gives place to the hooded crow. The relation of these two is peculiar, and raises the question, Species or no species? Each has a region of its own, into which the other seldom intrudes. But there is neutral ground on which they freely mingle. The grey crow, within this country at least, is the more migratory. In the neutral region the two species—if species they are—cross freely, and young are found of all varieties between. Which may be the greater rascal is another question; probably the one most numerous at the place. Rascals they both are, in comparison with whom eagles and falcons are innocent in Orkney. The rascal is the grey crow. His ill-omened head looks at you over every knoll. Among the many checks on successful grouse and partridge shooting on these

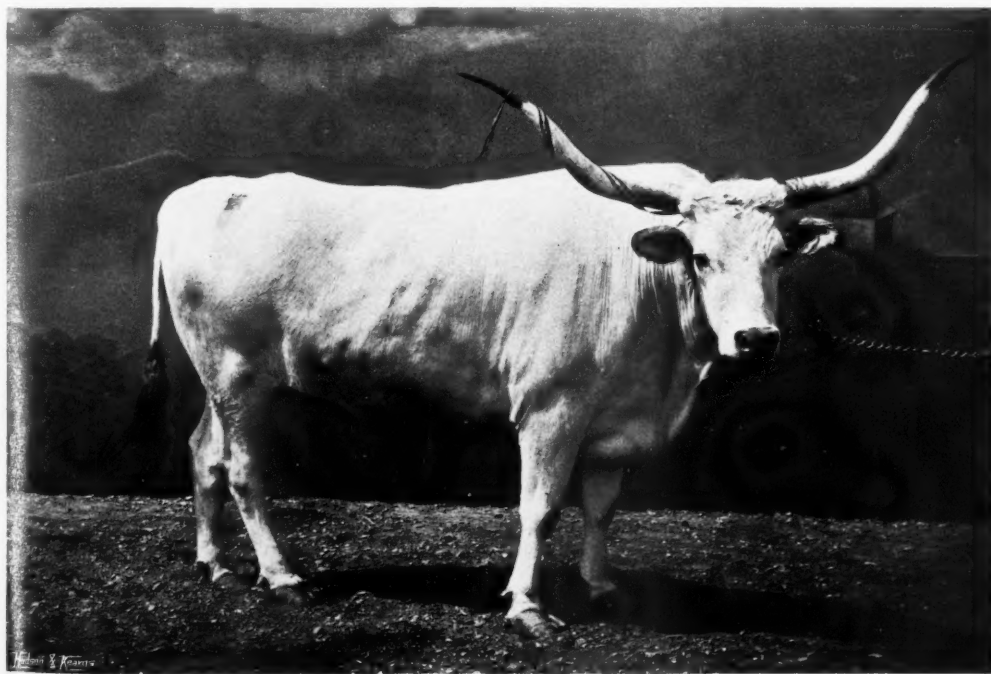
exposed and often wet moors, he must be reckoned with as the chief. Egg and chick come alike to him. Only he must not be quite killed out.

TROUT.

Our tent was pitched by one of a series of inland lakes, curiously constricted in the middle so as to resemble an ancient sand-glass. These lakes are strung on a bright cord of streamlets joining each to each, and all to the sea at either end. A morning dip freshened for the day, and was a prelude to a forenoon in the boat. Trout were in plenty; too many, indeed, for our limited powers of consumption. One variety is called after the place. The only drawback to fishing is a pond-weed, which creeps over the water, season by season, until, after a time, it kills itself out. The landscape colours on the sunlight, the softened outlines of the hills, the sunsets, the twilights long drawn out, are things to remember.

A PEAT-CURSED LAND.

Some fifty miles of gale-swept water, buffeted now from the east and now from the west, lies to the north of Orkney. Shetland is the *ultima thule*, a remoter, and, in many ways, a sadder land. For the most part it is buried



FAT HUNGARIAN OX SEVEN YEARS OLD.

under glacial drift and peat. To the grey crow is added a more sodden soil, to make it a still less hopeful haunt of the partridge and the grouse.

THE CORMORANT AND THE LAKE.

The sullen cormorant—with neck outstretched—wings his way from the seashore to the lake to vary his fish diet. The Shetland lakes are sullen as their visitor. Rain washes down the waste of the land, which gathers at the bottom in unknown feet of loose peat. We fished along with the cormorant. The trout were dark—very dark; dark were they almost as the peat; and, whether it was fancy or not, something of that flavour. In the shallows, where a little shingle had gathered, sifted, it may be, by the stream out of the glacial drift, and washed clean, they were light-coloured with clear spots. No creature takes on the shade of the background more swiftly than the trout.

VOES.

The voes—differing from fiords in the narrowness of their mouths, and the picturesqueness of their water pathway—were ever stealing across our path. Now starting from the German Ocean, again from the Atlantic, they wander through the land in a bewildering maze. So close do these opposite-tending voes sometimes come that the distance between is measured by yards. It is a delight at the flood to look down on the gurgling rush of the tide.

THE TYSTIE.

One bird is never absent from these voes. It is their child, their good spirit. In its low flight over the water it bears a lamp to mark its way.



T. A. Metcalfe.

FOUR PEAR-SHAPED EGGS.

The lamp is a white patch on its wing. It is the black guillemot—black but for this white patch—differing from the white-breasted guillemot of our seas. Perhaps it is that the voes have a character not given to every inlet, that these birds have a character too. But so it is, that no impression lingers so long as that of the guillemot bearing his lamp over these picturesque waters. The Shetlander's name for it is the tystie.

A SHORT RIVER.

Far to the North, in what may be called the Highlands of Shetland, we placed our tent, by a voeside. Near by was a form intermediate between the voe and the lake. A sheet of water, cut off from the sea at low tide, was invaded in the rush of the flood through a narrow channel of little more than casting distance across. With the entrance of the salt water began a run of fish—great sea-trout and all the rest of them. In a succession almost unbroken they passed; so that one had the unusual experience of fishing a whole river with its changing life without moving from the spot. From half flood to half ebb it was enough to stand there and throw the flies.

SHETLAND SHEEP.

The ponies, of course, were on the hills around. Almost as charming were the sheep. Small and slender were they—fairies among the sheep, as the ponies among the horses. So delightfully coloured, too, spotted all over with black and white; no two of them alike. I am sorry to say we ate some of them. I have never quite forgiven myself. But then, human nature is weak, and they were so cheap. If I remember correctly we bought them at three shillings each. Unlike some other creatures, they were as good as they looked. As in the case of the ponies, so with these—it is the hard life that keeps them small. Out of Shetland they are no longer the dainty creatures they were, but grow lanky. The colours are possibly accounted for by crossing black and white sheep and then leaving the variegated offspring to break up the two colours into all the present marvellous effects.

THE STRENGTH OF THE ISLANDS.

If the twilights of Orkney are lingering, those of Shetland dream out the night. If the

outlines of the Orkney hills are soft, those of Shetland are softer. The strength of both groups lies along the margin between land and sea—the white lines of breaking waves, the lofty cliffs, the endless life perched along the rock-ledges, or bobbing on the surface, the scream and babble of sea-birds mingling with the noise of waters.

THE NESTING OF THE SNIPE.

TO the dweller on the borders of the moorland or the marsh one of the most interesting of spring sounds is the “bleating” or “drumming” of the snipe. Of course, at that season, the well-known call of the cuckoo is to be heard on every side, as is the perpetual “crake-crake” of the newly-arrived landrail; but there is to many people a peculiar charm about the “bleating” of the snipe, a charm enhanced by the weird solitudes of moorland and marsh, where the bird is to be found in the greatest numbers, and perhaps, in addition thereto, because for a long time the manner in which this sound is produced was a mystery. Some observers held that it was a peculiar note emitted by the snipe only during the breeding season; others that the outspread tail was responsible for the noise; whilst a third section maintained that it was made by the wings. The first theory, namely, that it was a particular modulation of the voice of the bird, was put out of court by the fact that it had been observed closely enough for the watcher to notice that not only was the bill often closed when the sound was emitted, but also the bird uttered its ordinary note at the same time that the “bleating” sound was heard. Anyone who watches a snipe soaring about in the air over its breeding grounds will at once notice that the sound is produced when the bird drops from a height in the downward flight, the wings at that time being in a rapid and quivering sort of state; and for a long time the generally-accepted opinion was that the movements of the wings were responsible for the sound. But a distinguished Swedish naturalist, Herr Meves, made a series of ingenious experiments with the tail feathers of the birds, and he found not only that the feathers were of a certain peculiar shape, but also that by fastening them to a piece of steel wire fixed to the end of a stick, and waving this piece of apparatus about his head in a method to imitate the descent of the snipe, he could very exactly reproduce the sound. It is a generally-accepted idea that this “bleating” is only produced in the breeding season, but often and often, whilst waiting for duck at flight-time, in cold frosty weather, have I heard exactly the same sound, though neither so intense nor so prolonged, made by the snipe as they dropped suddenly from the sky close to some bit of marsh, pool, or drain near which I happened to be standing. The nest of the snipe is by no means an elaborate piece of bird architecture. It is generally situated not far from moisture of some



T. A. Metcalfe.

A SNIPE ON HER NEST.

Copyright

kind, but occasionally I have found it far removed from water and in the driest situations. The eggs, generally four in number, very balloon-shaped as a rule, though odd clutches much rounder in shape are often found, are of great beauty, and are always placed with their four points inwards, as is the common habit of all the birds of this class. I have found the nest with fresh eggs in the middle of the summer, and a friend of mine once found a nest of young birds, just hatched, whilst grouse shooting on August 12th. In Yorkshire eggs are generally to be found about the end of the fourth week of April. The birds are by no means easy to photograph on the nest, being shy, and requiring the camera to be very carefully covered up, and the operator himself to be well out of sight, at the end of a long piece of fine string or thread. Far easier are snipe to snare on the nest, and I once knew an old poacher who was an adept at this malpractice, though what on earth he did with the birds, which were quite out of season, of course, no one could ever make out. I hold, with our greatest living authority on British ornithology, that what he characterises as the most ancient and wise game-law in existence should be most strictly respected. For the benefit of those whom it may concern I here quote it. Taken from the twenty-second chapter of the Book of Deuteronomy, and the sixth and seventh verses: "If a bird's nest chance to be before thee in the way in any tree, or on the ground, whether they be young ones, or eggs, and the dam sitting upon the young, or upon the eggs, thou shalt not take the dam with the young: But thou shalt in any wise let the dam go, and take the young to thee; that it may be well with thee, and that thou mayest prolong thy days." OXLEY GRABHAM.

THE LATE POPE.

POPE LEO'S long and weary illness terminated in the only way possible on Monday afternoon, and thus ends one of the most remarkable lives of our time. It is more than ninety-three years since he was born at Carpineto, on the Volscian Hills. Thus it may be said that he lived through an entire century, and, we might add, one of the most remarkable centuries that have been since the beginning of the world. In many of its myriad interests he was an active and conspicuous figure, and he was chosen in 1878 to succeed to the Papacy when Pius IX. died in February of that year. At that time Cardinal Pecci was already an old man, and, indeed, when it became evident that the choice was going to fall upon him he protested that he was already too old. "If they elect me," he said, "my pontificate would be very short, and that would be an evil." There seemed only to be too much reason for his hesitation. He was sixty-eight years of age, slight and delicately built, and at that time considered to be in ill-health; but as the years went on he seemed actually to increase in strength, and passed through his seventies and eighties hale and well, and even when in his nineties had full possession of all his faculties. One of the most extraordinary things we have ever known is that on his death-bed the aged patriarch could write excellent Latin verse; indeed, one is tempted to suggest that he must have had some ghost to write it. Otherwise it is fine to see the old man address himself thus: "Fatalis ruit hora, Leo; jam tempus abire est."

Yet that he should write this was only in accord with that extraordinary possession of his faculties which he retained up till the very last. His life may be described as having been for the last ten years at least a scientific and successful attempt to keep itself in existence. Food, exercise, labour, all were calculated with the nicety of a chemist's prescription, and even worry and care were warded off in order that the Pope might live out his days. In his case this was not the selfishness which so often visits age, but the truest patriotism.

CORRESPONDENCE.

PHYSICAL DETERIORATION.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have read with much interest your article on "Physical Deterioration." To my mind one of the chief reasons for this amongst the poorer classes is the complete absence of fresh air in their houses. Pass through any village or along a terrace of small houses, and look at the windows upstairs—they are tight shut and shrouded with curtains; downstairs the window-sills are crammed with flowering plants, so that it is impossible to open the windows, even if the inhabitants wished to do so. They seem to have a perfect dread of fresh air getting into their houses. I know of more than one case in which an entire family has died, one by one, of consumption, and the windows and doors of their houses were always kept shut, and never a breath of air allowed to enter. Surely, if the vicar of every parish, the doctor, school teacher, and district visitors would undertake to preach the necessity of fresh air and open windows, we should soon have a healthier and stronger physique amongst our working classes.—H. M. APPELEY.

WEED ON PONDS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—If the "obnoxious green weed" complained of by your correspondent, A. G. Robins, is, as I imagine, *Enteromorpha intestinalis*, I beg to say I was troubled in exactly the same way until I put six or eight ducks on a small pond I have, and since that time the obnoxious weed has almost completely disappeared; at any rate, it does not form that green slimy appearance on the top of the water, although I see some slight appearance on the bottom of the pond. I should say, however, my pond is only a few feet deep.—J. OGILVY FAIRLIE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I see a letter in *COUNTRY LIFE* from a correspondent who is troubled with weed growing in an ornamental pond. If it is the American weed he describes, I was troubled some twenty years ago in the same way. A pond of about an acre was so choked that it was next to impossible to get a boat through it; the water was solid, and we often raked out many tons without making any appreciable difference. I was advised to try swans, which I did, having always kept one or two on the water since, with the result that the weed is quite kept in subjection, although it is still present in the pond, as I found when I wired in some hybrid water-lilies I planted a year or two ago. The weed quickly grew in the enclosures where the swans could not get at it; it is also growing near the bottom in certain parts of the pond, but the swans do not allow it to come near the surface. From your correspondent's description of the weed he is troubled with, I should have fancied it might have been what I believe is called blanket weed; this is a great trouble in small ponds, and I am not sure that swans would keep it down. When I first planted the water-lilies and the plants were young, I found the swans would not allow them to grow; however, I have two clumps well established now, and they have come up this year without any protection, and without apparently being molested. I mention this in case it may interest any of your readers who wish to grow these lilies where swans are kept.—ERNEST C. ELLIOTT.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In reference to the subject of "Weed on Ponds," we have found a simple remedy in the form of a specially made rake of flat iron, about 12ft. long, and from tip of teeth to back 1½ft. The teeth are curved upwards and shaped like a saw, and sharpened like a knife. This is dragged along the bottom of our ponds by means of a rope attached to both extremities and attached to a single rope; also a rope behind, as it is advisable to swim the rake on the surface going back. Of course the weeds grow year after year, but it is a very quick matter with two men to clean a pond in a few hours.—B. CAFFERATA.

BOOKS FOR COLLECTORS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Will you very kindly say what are the best books of reference upon the following subjects: 1. Porcelain and China; 2. Sheffield plate; 3. Old furniture; 4. Prints and engravings; 5. English plate; 6. English pewter.—NAVAL.

[1. "Pottery and Porcelain," by Mr. F. Litchfield, the well-known expert; "A History and Description of English Porcelain," by William Burton; "Chinese Porcelain," by the late Cosmo Monkhouse. 2. "Sheffield Plate," by W. Sissons, recently published by Messrs. Pawson and Brailsford. 3. "History of Furniture," by F. Litchfield; "Furniture of the Olden Time," by Frances Clary Morse (this book deals with old furniture in the United States, but is of great value on account of its illustrations); "French Decoration and Furniture in the Eighteenth Century," by Lady Dilke. 4. "Fine Prints," by F. Wedmore; "Art Sales of the Year: Current Prices of Pictures and Engravings," by W. Slater, issued annually; 5. "Old English Plate," by W. J. Cripps; "Hall Marks on Gold and Silver Plate," by W. Chaffers. 6. There is practically no literature upon English pewter, but see "Pewter," by J. Starkie Gardner, in the *Journal of the Society of Arts*, June 1st, 1894; and "The History of the Pewterers' Company," by Mr. Welch, the librarian of the Guildhall Library, published a few weeks ago.—ED.]

GODINTON.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Allow me to point out to you some inaccuracies in your account of Godinton in your issue of the 18th inst. There is no "uninterrupted series of family portraits" of Tokes, either in the hall or anywhere else, only about half-a-dozen scattered about. There are no Holbeins or Lelys anywhere, and the Boucher, the Knellers, etc., were brought to the house by the present owner. There is some very fine antique glass, besides the very poor modern glass. The china-room panels, classic columns, mantel, etc., are by no means antique; the many structural changes in that room and its whole decoration were carried out from the designs of Mr. Reginald Blomfield, as also was the case in the White Parlour, with its very fine plaster ceiling. Concerning the gardens, there was nothing but a good old walled garden when the present owner bought the place. Since that time several acres from the park have been added to the grounds, over 700yds. of yew hedge have been planted, the natural slope of the ground has been converted into a series of terraces, two rose gardens, and a wild garden with rockery, a sheet of ornamental water, nearly three-quarters of a mile of gravel walks, and many other improvements have been added, mostly in accordance with plans prepared by Mr. Reginald Blomfield. The house and estate were in a sad condition of decay and neglect in 1895: the park full of rushes and thistles, the house unsafe as to its floors, insanitary, and damp, and generally showing the evident signs of not having been lived in by an owner for very many years.—G. ASHLEY DODD.

THE PORTUGAL LAUREL.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Very little is ever said or written in praise of the laurel, and yet at the present season of the year it is the best shrub which we have. Masses of blossom are now covering the dark green leaves, and the scent—albeit somewhat strong close to—is delicious, carried on the balmy breezes which wander over the garden. Some people seem surprised when the blossom is mentioned, remarking that though they have some "Portugals" in the garden and shrubbery, yet they never bloom. This is quite true of the much-pruned ones, as blossom is ruthlessly sacrificed to shape, the shears taking off the blossoming shoot, but where the pruning can be left alone till the autumn the show of blossom is splendid. The writer was much struck by some "Portugals" in a Worcestershire garden the other day, where they were covered with perfect canopies of bloom. In the centre of one on a large limb about 6ft. from the ground a thrush's nest was placed, with apparently no desire for concealment. The mother bird was brooding over her second clutch of eggs. Part of the speckled breast or neck appeared over the edge of the nest, and the head was slightly raised, the bright eyes peering out with no sign of fear, while overhead Nature's snowy canopy of blossom curtained in this cradle of state. Let us sing the praises of the Portugal laurel and advise its freer growth. It is a very favourite tree with thrushes wherein to build, and tree and nest and sitting bird form a beautiful object.—M. R.

A PARK OF SNAILS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I think the accompanying photograph will be of interest to your readers. It represents a "park" of snails. Near Gruyère, of cheese fame, in Switzerland, you find these "parks," which form quite a small industry. After the hay has been cut about an acre of field is enclosed by a solid wooden fence from 12in. to 15in. high, with narrow planks fastened along the top projecting on the inner side so as to form an eave and thus prevent the escape of the snails. In August the snails are collected in the woods and put into the enclosure, where they are fed on grass and cabbage leaves and such-like green foods. The ground is usually on a slope, and the snails invariably evince a partiality to walk down hill and never up, so the snail-keeper—in this case a queer old chap, more of a Crétin than anything else—gathers them into pails at the bottom of the enclosure, carries them to the top, and "dumps" them down. In the photograph the two cans are full, ready to be taken to the top of the slope. When the ground gets fouled they move to another portion of the field. From fifty to sixty centimes per 100 are paid to those who collect the snails. In October or November they are sold for from ten to even fourteen francs the 1,000 to the dealers in the neighbouring town, who in their turn send them to Paris, and receive from fifteen to eighteen francs per quintal for these delicacies.—SAMBO.

[We are sorry the photograph sent by our correspondent is not suitable for reproduction.—ED.]

THE CUCKOO'S MATE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I am sending you herewith the photograph of a wryneck's nest which was built within about 20yds. from the garden door. The nesting-box had been placed to tempt the little blue tits, large numbers of which frequent the garden, and for a long time we were under the delusion that one of them had chosen it as its appointed home; but the gardener, who is of an observant turn of mind, came in one day with the intelligence that it was what he calls a pea-bird, and when the young were hatched out the little brown father and mother began to pass to and fro every three or four minutes with morsels of food for their offspring. It was then that we took down the opening, as the tiny hole made for the tits appeared too small for the larger wryneck. It then became great fun to watch the hungry little nestlings, for they seemed to take every advancing finger as the equivalent of Meg Merrilees' command to Domine Sampson, "Gape, sinner, gape and swallow." And how they did gape



may be seen from the photograph, and how they swallowed is best known to their father and mother, who all the time that roses were blowing on the trees were kept busy from dawn to dusk.—B.

THIS YEAR'S MIGRANTS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Have your correspondents noticed at all this year the lack of a great many of our common migrants? The most striking instances, I think, are the cuckoos, willow-wrens, chiffchaffs, and whinchats. The cuckoo has not been heard anything like the number of times that he usually is, nor have many of his eggs been found in nests about here. As to the whinchats, I only know of one nest along a strip of railway embankment where last year there were three nests. I have not heard the willow-wren singing so much, and have only found one nest, and the same applies to the chiffchaff. Again, many people have observed in other parts of the country a decided reduction in the number of yellow wagtails. The cause of this seems to me to have

been the very cold weather and north-east winds in spring from about April 10th to 17th. These winds probably drove the migrants far out of their course from England, and killed off the weakest, so that only those strong ones that dared to face the adverse gales arrived here. This seems further strengthened by the fact that the bulk of our migrants seemed to arrive with the first south-west wind that blew on April 18th, for that was the day that I heard and saw most of them. Again, a few solitary chiffchaffs and swallows arrived here at the end of March, but hardly any more were seen here till the south-west winds blew and enabled the survivors to reach this country.—M. P. PRICE, Harrow-on-the-Hill, Middlesex.

MILK OH!

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I send you a photograph of a very peculiar incident in country life. Domestication has a tendency to alter the habits of most animals, but that a cat should prefer to take its food in the manner shown, seems to me a most extraordinary perversion of the taste in an animal which is, as a rule, particularly dainty in its ways. This cat has for a long time been accustomed to attend the cowman when he is milking, and takes its dole of food in this unusual manner. That it thoroughly enjoys its meals is very evident, both from its attitude and the delighted way in which it greets the cowman each morning.—R. S.